THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING.

8/- per line (prepaid). *Minimum 3 lines.*

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and Beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples. Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

BUILD up a Mail-Order Business without buying Stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. Enclose stamp to Noble Bros., Tavistock Chambers, Nottingham.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars stamp.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills at 3/6 1,000. Memos, Billheads, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples (not a small packet of rubbish) and 700 prices, 2d.—Maude (Room 60), Sandy, Beds. Same address 56 years.

TOOLS! at genuine Bargain Prices. Send to-day for list No. 23/S, post free.—George Adams, 255/6, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

YOU can save money when buying your Camera. We have all makes, second-hand, at 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. below new prices. Hundreds of second-hand Kodaks Write for list 16.—Sands Hunter's, 37, Bedford Street, Strand, London. Estd. 1874.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 20/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine, (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

CYCLISTS!—The Fitzpatrick new edition of "Highways and Byways" is more interesting than ever. Customers "flabbergasted" at the unthinkable value of "Captain" Cycles! Tyres of first-class quality at staggering prices! Thousands of accessories. Just five words, "Catalogue, please," and this mighty big book is yours ABSOLUTELY FREE.—H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 59, Burnley.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—BROOKS APPLIANCE CO. Ltd. (1763D), 80, Chancery La., London, W.C.2.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 6, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

YOUR Living Guaranteed. Write for free Catalogue and Guide. How to commence in business with £5.—H. Marks (Dept. 9), 51-53, Houndsditch, London, E.1. Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for all kinds of Drapery and Hosiery and Best House for Beginners.

SPARE-TIME MONEY.—For straightforward proposition, write J.B., Charleston, 17, Water Lane, E.C.3.

A POSTCARD will bring you price-list and easy terms for Watches, Rings, Cycles, Suits, Raincoats, Boots, Baby Cars, Cutlery, &c., on easy terms from 2/- monthly. Send a postcard to Masters, Ltd., 85, Hope Stores, Rye.

PRINTING.—Billheads from 6/6; [illegible] 10/-; Handbills, 11/-; Samples Printer, Buxted, Sussex.

[illegible]88, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Instruments, Ills. Catalogue free.—Dougl[illegible], King's Chambs., South Street, E.C.2.

A WONDERFUL OFFER.—For three Shillings we will send you post free our Bonanza Packet of Sixty Picture Postcards of Kinema Stars, all different, as selected by us.—Pictures Salon 58, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MUSIC.—Special advertising offer; 10/- parcel of new Pianoforte Music for 2/6. Money ret. if dissatisfied.—Imperial Mus. Pub. Co., 21, Bowman Street, W.1.

WHY STAMMER?—All ranks of Society, from Duke to Dustman, have praised my treatment. A 36-page booklet will be sent free to all those seeking genuine cure.—W. Lee Wareing, "Glendene," Anchorsholme, nr. Blackpool.

ADVERTISE NOW.—Two lines (14 words), once, 50 provincial papers, 5/6. List free.—Fuller, Ltd., 1, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain Prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of full range of models, post free.—J. G. Graves, Ltd., Sheffield.

SIXTEEN BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAVURE portraits of the most popular Film Favourites Price complete in handsome Portfolio, 1/2, post free, from Pictures, Ltd., 58, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HOW a 2d. stamp can add many hours of joy to your life. Send it to us for a free sample of "Mend-a-Tear," and learn to mend rags without stitches.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

FISH, straight from sea. Parcels 4/- upwards. Prime quality, cleaned, carriage paid. Fishmongers and Friers supplied.—Pearl Fish Co., Grimsby.

THE Prymax Tool Set, seven full-size hardened steel tools, not a toy. Compact and convenient. Post free, 4/6. Prymax Trading Co., 30, Bride Lane, London, E.C.4.

CYCLISTS!—The Biggest and Best Buying Guide published is yours absolutely free. If you want the rock-bottom market secure this monster 144-page book NOW. Staggering reduction in Cycles, Accessories, and particularly Tyres—all competitors completely surpassed. Just address postcard to Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 89, Fadiham, Burnley.

READ THIS!—Soap! 56-lb. box assorted household. No similar case obtainable. Genuine bargain, 21/-.—O. P. Eagle and Lewis, 17, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

STAMMERING effectually cured by correspondence or personally.—W. H. Mason, 95, Clarendon Villas, Hove, Brighton. Est. 1870.

"A JOLLY good piece of work," writes an enthusiastic customer of the Unique Frock-Barbe Cleaning and Tailoring Service. This is typical of hundreds of testimonials received. Send your soiled suit (6/6) or costume (from 7/6) to-day. Returned, post paid, carefully packed in box, fresh, smart, like new.—Castlebank Dyeworks (Dept. J.B.), Anniesland, Glasgow.

CHARMING DOLL.—Little Jackie Coogan, the film favourite, price 1/6; extra large size, 10/6, post free.—Pictures, Ltd., 58, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

LEATHER.—A side of our Noted Tannage for 20/-; half-side, 11/-; smaller samples, enough for 6 men's or 8 ladies' soles; Extra Stout 2/-. Stout 4/6. Medium 4/-, all post free.—Williams and Co., The Yard, Merthyr.

ZEISS Binoculars. Lists free. New or second-hand. All other makes stocked. £10 10s. 8 x central focusing prisms for 69/6. Approv. Wallace Heaton, Ltd., 119, New Bond St., W.1.

ACCORDIONS, Concertinas, Banjos, Mandolins, Violins, Phono-fiddles, Mouth-organs. Write lists.—Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich, London.

SUIT Lengths and Costume Gabardines. Any length cut. Patts free.—The Bradford Tweed Co., Dept. 10, 1, Manchester Road, Bradford.

INEXPENSIVE PRESENTS.—Specially designed Picture Postcard Albums for Kinema Stars, beautifully bound, lettered in gold "My Film Favourites". To hold 150 cards, price 1/6; to hold 200, 2/-; all post free.—Pictures, Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2. Others from 2/6.

Twenty years younger!

TIME was when this man went home from work tired out. His daily work indoors, with insufficient open air and no physical exercise except a week-end round of golf or a walk, left him weary and only fit for bed.

The reason is not far to seek. Sedentary work indoors, the lot of the average man, and many women too, puts a strain upon the system.

This affects some people very vitally. Without physical exercise and open air the system gets sluggish. Liver and kidneys, particularly sensitive to these conditions, don't work actively enough, so impurities get into the blood. Depression, headaches, "fits of the blues," nervy temper follow. You don't feel ill, but still you don't feel fine and well. Consequently your work is a burden instead of a pleasure. Yet the remedy is simple. Every morning put a little pinch of Kruschen Salts into your breakfast cup of tea.

Kruschen Salts are not like any other salts. You can't taste them if you take them in tea, but they do a world of good. They tone up the liver and kidneys so that these organs perform their functions as Nature intended—actively, thoroughly; they cleanse the blood of all impurities. Fresh, clear blood circulates all over your body, bringing new health, new life to every fibre of the system. Your mind is keener, you feel more active, your work feels like play.

This is the simple discovery thousands of men and women have made. Kruschen Salts have restored their systems to active health. They have become vigorous, enthusiastic, keener, physically and mentally. As one man says: "Now I am never tired in body or mind, and I can enjoy a joke with the youngest. Indeed it has knocked twenty years off my age (58)."

Tasteless in Tea

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a farthing a day.

TASTELESS IN TEA. The dose of a sixpenceful taken every morning is found in practice just the right amount for a most invigorating daily tonic. The medicinal dose for persons suffering from pains of rheumatism and gout, or habitual constipation, with inactive liver, etc., is half to one teaspoonful in a tumbler of hot water before breakfast.

Every chemist sells Kruschen Salts in 1/9 bottles. One bottle contains 96 morning "pinches"—enough to last three months. Get a bottle to-day.

DEEDS: *not* WORDS

£100

will be paid by Maxalding to any person who can prove that this unsolicited testimonial is embellished, or the photograph retouched.

They are only two links in the

GREAT MAXALDING CHAIN

That encircles the world.

Age 39, merchant, who desired to make himself as fit as possible, writes: "I find that I have gained 7 lbs. in weight, an increase which I think will steadily continue. Bowel action is thorough and regular. Circulation shows marked improvement. I sleep like a top, and do not mind turning out in the mornings. Self-consciousness greatly improved, and I have lost the tendency to mind wandering, or shall I say Day Dreaming? I beg to express my satisfaction with your course, and the clear and clever way the exercises are explained."

Photograph shows a Maxalding exercise in action.

Used to prevent rupture or abdominal sagging.

There are thousands of Maxaldites

in all parts of the world physically comparable to the photographs that have appeared in Maxalding announcements for years past; and there are thousands more whose testimonials in my files prove that

MAXALDING

has cured by Correspondence Instruction

Lack of Self-Confidence; Lack of Strength and Muscular Development; Lack of Stamina; Breathlessness on Exertion; Nervousness, Neurasthenia; Muscular Soreness and Stiffness; Trembling upon Exertion; Weak Lungs; Susceptibility to Catch Cold; Thinness; Obesity; Sluggish Liver; Depression; Involuntary Losses; Indigestion; Constipation; Insomnia; Rheumatism; Catarrh; Weak Stomach; Neuralgia, etc.

YOUR ENQUIRY, concerning the suitability of MAXALDING for your own particular case, is cordially invited.

A FREE DIAGNOSIS of your case, together with an interesting Explanatory Booklet, will be sent Gratis and Post Free to any part of the World.

Memorize the Address and write TO-DAY to:—

Alfred M. Saldo, MAXALDING,

151, Cranbourn Chambers, Leicester Sq., London, Eng.

TECLA PEARLS

are to be obtained in London at the Tecla Shop *only*, and are not to be confused with ordinary imitations.

Tecla

7, Old Bond Street, London

GRAVES

STAINLESS CUTLERY SERVICE

The Graves Complete Service of Stainless Cutlery and superfine Table Plate is of unrivalled excellence & by far the most attractive Stainless Cutlery Offer ever made.

SHEFFIELD Carriage Paid to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 7/6 if satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are in any way disappointed with the goods.

7/6 with order

The HANDLES are of 'Enterprise' Rustless Stainless Steel with beautifully grained Ivorette handles. Cover Blade of 'Enterprise' Rustless Stainless Steel 9¼ in. long, curved.

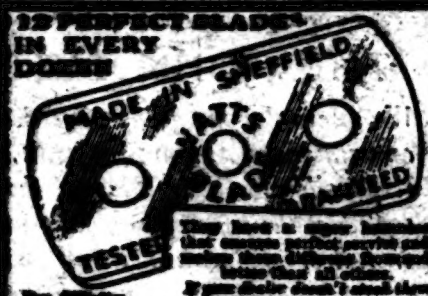
Forks & Spoons are Colombian Silver which bears a polish indistinguishable from sterling silver, and wears white all through.

The Service Comprises:

1 pr Carvers	2 Table Spoons
6 Table Knives	1 Jam Spoon
6 Table Forks	3 Salt Spoons
6 Dessert Knives	1 Sugar Sifter
6 Dessert Forks	1 pr Sugar Tongs
6 Dessert Spoons	Price, 90/-
6 Tea Spoons	without case.
6 Egg Spoons	

Write for Catalogue of genuine Sheffield Cutlery (including Stainless Specialities), and fine Table Plate. Post Free. On Easy Terms.

J. & G. GRAVES Ltd. Cutlery Manufacturers, SHEFFIELD.



12 PERFECT BLADES IN EVERY DOZEN

They have a super keenness that ensures perfect results and making them different from and better than all others.

If your dealer doesn't stock them write direct to

JOHN WATTS,
Dept. 4, Lambert Works,
SHEFFIELD.
Est. over 200 years.

NORTH WALES

England's Holidayland

For illustrated Guide, post free 2d., write Mr. L. W. Hume, Gen. Supt. Southern Division, L. & N. W. Ry., Euston Station, London, N.W.1.

LIFE ABUNDANT.

This Health Course is one of the greatest contributions to the Science of Health and Right-Living. It strikes at the root of Disease, Rheumatism, Senile Decay, and Paralysis. Full of scientific facts and records of actual experience. A complete Nature-Cure Philosophy for home use, and with the author's personal attention to your special needs. TRUE Health is ensured. The prospectus tells you how to get the best out of life. Send 1½d. stamp for a FREE copy TO-DAY. - A. SAVAGE, 41(B), Shaftesbury Road, London, N.W.1.

TAX ON HAIR

If you are Bald, Grey, or have any hair trouble, your liberty is restricted. Why pay such a heavy tax this summer. We can cure you. Send stamped envelope for price list. Guarantee with each bottle.

BONNE MINE TOILET CO.
Regent 12, Hacket's Row, LIVERPOOL.

HAY-FEVER ASTHMA & CATARRH

CAN BE Prevented or Cured

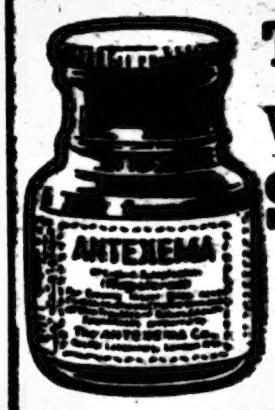
by using an

"AMPUL" POCKET INHALER

Simple but absolutely reliable. Ready for use at any time and anywhere.

10/6 POST PAID Complete with directions for use and refilling.

THE AMPUL CO., 4, CHARING CT., LONDON.



That's what You want for Your Skin Trouble

Are you worried by eczema, which tortures you all day, and won't let you sleep at night? Are you disfigured by face spots? Are your hands red, rough, or cracked? Is there an itching rash on your back or chest? Have you a bad place on your leg that refuses to get better? There's a certain remedy for every one of these troubles. Antexema immediately stops all itching, and soon removes every blemish from your skin. Whatever your skin complaint, Antexema will cure it completely and permanently. Eczema, bad legs, bad hands, babies' skin troubles, pimples, rashes, and all irritated, inflamed or diseased skin conditions are conquered by Antexema. The healing process starts immediately, new skin begins to grow, every day you see a steady improvement, and soon every sign of skin illness disappears never to return. Antexema is not a greasy ointment. It is cleanly in use, invisible on the skin, and always succeeds. Why not begin your cure at once?

Get Antexema To-day

Antexema is supplied by all Chemists and Stores everywhere. Also at Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis & Burrows, at 3s. and 1s. 3d., the larger size being the more economical; or post free, direct, 3s. and 1s. 6d. from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and Europe.

Vol. XXXII. No. 831.
Week ending Saturday,
July 1, 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9666
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

For the People—— the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Not Out.

Watch Bonar Law. He is attending the House of Commons more regularly than before and has pegged out his claim for the corner seat so long occupied by Sir Henry Dalziel.

For Safety's Sake.

Mr. Joe Devlin is not allowed to visit Belfast. The Colonial Office is very anxious that no evil should befall him there, and press him to stop away.

You Never Can Tell.

A daily newspaper predicts an early General Election. This is all right, as readers are insured against every kind of accident.

The Wilson Tragedy—

It was a high tribute to the late Sir Henry Wilson that he was liked by those who differed from him most, and the House of Commons felt the shocking murder in a very intimate and personal sense.

—What Of It?

Who can tell? It may be the beginning of other tragedies, the signal for reprisals. In all likelihood it will weaken the Government and bind the Die-Hards together. Watch the next few days. The Prime Minister may ride for a fall.

The Real Ireland.

Meanwhile rout of the Republicans at the recent Irish elections shows clearly that the *real* Ireland is out for peace. The gunmen element is very much in the minority, but guns make so much noise.

Birkenhead Hits Back.

Our main feature this week is a reply to Mr. Asquith's diatribe against modern statesmanship, from the pen of the Lord Chancellor. It is a remarkable article, which will excite world-wide interest.

Ready To Go.

There are apparently greater attractions to-day than membership of the Coalition. Two lawyer Ministers were anxious to get out when the Scottish judgeship fell vacant the other day. But in both cases a by-election would be too risky, so the prize goes to one outside the Westminster "ring."

Northcliffe.

The illness of Lord Northcliffe is serious. Overwork is a terrible thing.

Too Risky.

We do not altogether approve of those "liner" races across the Atlantic. The memory of the *Titanic* is still with us.

Palestine and Parliament.

The Government is suffering so many defeats on the subject of Palestine that the Holy Land must seem something of a holy terror.

No Lords Reform Yet.

House of Lords reform is going to be *talked* about this Session. But nothing will be done because this question divides the Cabinet even more than fiscal policy.

Simple Simon, M.P.

On May 1st, says Capt. F. E. Guest, M.P., 228 aeroplanes were available in Germany for air traffic, *but none of these was available for war purposes.* Don't laugh, please!

Nasty Temper.

The antagonism of Mr. Austen Chamberlain towards Lord Robert Cecil has been very marked just lately. Bad temper is not seemly in the Leader of the House and he should try to check it.

Bonus for Bishops.

The Committee on Church Finance is to report whether part of the annual surplus of £350,000 can be devoted to providing incomes for bishoprics. Why not devote it to providing incomes for starving curates?

A Friend Indeed.

Sir Thomas Fisher, Chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who has been adopted Parliamentary candidate for Portsmouth, is sending to his prospective constituency all C.P.R. ships that need repair. Lucky Portsmouth!

No "Honours" Inquiry.

The Government will not grant an inquiry into the sale of honours. Of course not. And the Labour Party is silent because it hopes one day to carry on this old-established and profitable business.

Money Talks Again.

The Government mean to hang on until they see how the revenue comes in. If well, there will be no election until after the next Budget. If there is a sag, the General Election will take place next Spring.

Fading Away.

M.P.s have been eating and drinking less. No wonder the public think there are few men of weight in Parliament.

Somebody Snoozed!

A few bright M.Ps. have introduced a Bill to reform the House of Lords. They desire to have an arisfocracy of brains. But where did they themselves find the brains to think of it?

Baccarat Not a Crime.

The County Court Judge at Bradford says that there is nothing in law which makes baccarat illegal. This will cause consternation among the good folk who play the game under the impression that they are being wicked.

The Axe and the Admiralty.

There are 97 Admiralty officials, each receiving salary and bonus amounting to or exceeding £1,000 per annum, while junior officers are being ruthlessly ejected from the Service. It is high time that My Lords realised the necessity for chopping "a little bit off the top.'

The Reason Why.

The Talking Shop sat late for two nights, last week, discussing the Finance Bill. The next day, the Government suggested rising early on that account. But was not the real reason that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had a very tempting engagement that night?

A Black Rascal.

The notorious black pastor of Peckham, Thomas Brem Wilson, whose unpleasant antics we have so often exposed, is now certified to b "unstable mentally." At any rate, he is dirty scamp who would be much better unde restraint.

Child Slavery.

The Colonial Secretary's announcement that the infamous Mui Tsai system of child slavery, recently abolished in Hong Kong, is to be suppressed wherever it exists under the British flag makes good reading. We were the first to direct public attention to this monstrous evil.

Whose Home?

Evidence given before a Royal Commission shows that beef killed in Denmark and Holland is sold in this country as "home-killed." It is up to the Government to see that when we ask and pay for "home-killed" meat we get meat killed in *our* home-land—not the Dutchman's.

Shortt-er Summer Time.

Mr. Shortt's promise to cut down Summer Time by six weeks at the behest of the farmers is not only a blow at the people's pleasure; it is also a blow at public economy, necessitating the expenditure of thousands of pounds extra on fuel. We must see to it that the coming General Election makes this unwarrantable pledge null and void.

Seen and Blessing.

There is already ample proof of the wisdom of Budget reductions in postal and telephone charges—£2,000,000 up in revenue between 1st April and 17th June. The Postmaster General had a bit of a tussle with some of his Ministerial colleagues before he got his reduction pledges redeemed. He can now shake hands with himself.

Sinning by Proxy.

A member of a Grimsby Chapel, calling on a local fishmonger, asked for a subscription. Handing over 5s. the merchant said, "Put it on Varzy; it's sure to win." The guileless young man asked him to carry on; if the horse won, well and good. It did win; and the Chapel is the richer by a fiver. "Sinning" by proxy is a cute idea.

In the Swim.

Though Weybridge Town Council has agreed to mixed bathing during specified hours, even on Sundays, the local "unco guid" seem not to be making a scream about it. "Many women favour mixed bathing," exclaimed Miss Gardiner at the Council meeting, "as they feel more courageous in the presence of men." Quite so. All the best men and women swim side by side through life together.

King Coal.

Old King Coal is a merry old soul, and a merry old soul is he, but in talking of prices he's suspect of a great deal of fiddle-de-dee. For the time being he is making a virtuous song about his "great reduction in price." There ought to have been a great reduction long ago. If, having come down now, it is to be put up again in the autumn, there should be a thundering row.

Betting for Babies.

Several police cases recently suggest that bookmakers, men as well as women, take bets from children who are used by their parents to disarm police suspicion. The temptation, in these days of high boy and girl wages, is too obvious to need emphasis.

Not Out!

Mrs. Martin, of Sandwich, is 103. Half a century ago her husband died, leaving her with 15 children. She attributes her long life to hard work, a good appetite, and—Prohibitionists, please note!—A "nightly caudle" of warm beer, sugar, and ginger. We must try this cocktail.

Barking the Mormons.

We cannot find it in our heart to be severe with the Edinburgh students who attended a meeting of Latter Day Saints in that city and tarred and feathered three Mormon elders. If the Law will not protect our women from the pernicious propaganda of these missionaries from Utah, it should cause no surprise when young men come forward and undertake the task with enthusiasm.

Try Again!

The farcical trial of war criminals in Germany has left the British public dissatisfied, exasperated and indignant. They know what Tommy suffered at the hands of brutal commandants when prisoner of war in Germany. It was originally intended to try these cowardly wretches in London. No reparation on the part of Germany will content us until she has handed over these criminals to British justice for re-trial.

Leigh Sabbatarians.

We should have expected from Lancashire greater breadth of mind than was displayed by certain members of Leigh Town Council during the debate on the opening of the parks for games on Sundays. Alderman Grundy, in particular, not only evinced the intolerance his name suggests, but was at fault in his reading of English history. England became great when all sorts of sports were indulged in on Sundays—namely, in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth.

Means to An End.

There are divers ways of achieving an ambition. Robert Welbourne, a Spalding lad of 15, has attained his aim through somewhat unusual means. Desiring to become a sailor, he stole some pocket knives and stamps, with the result that he has been sent to a training ship. He greeted the sentence with joy. It is not often that a wrongdoer delights in his punishment.

Southend's Sunday.

Southend Town Council having granted permission to one Cinema to open on Sundays, cannot allow that picture theatre to possess a monopoly. What is expedient for one Cinema is expedient for all. The stipulation that the Chief Constable shall censor the films gives that official a big and arbitrary job. We hope he will do it in a broad spirit.

Keep the Pledge.

Nearly a year ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave an undertaking to find a more equitable means of raising revenue than the Intoxicating Liquor Tax imposed exclusively upon clubs, whereby they have to pay 6d. in the £ on all purchases of liquor. Why club members should continue to be bled of £400,000 a year as a sop to Pussyfoot passes comprehension.

Common Meters.

While the Chairman of the South Metropolitan Gas Co. is urging a wider appreciation of the importance of burner designs, he might put in a word against the "designs" of meters which, according to many housewives, rob the consumer wholesale. Penny-in-the-slot users are the worst sufferers. The "therm" system seems to excel in what might be aptly termed "therminological inexactitudes."

Dancing on the Rates.

The Cornwall County Council can have no sense of proportion. Otherwise they would not pay two dancing instructresses £1,300 per annum between them, besides travelling expenses and subsistence allowances, to tour the county, and at the same time refuse a poor man milk for his baby, as was reported to the Truro Board of Guardians. Dancing is delightful, but it does not matter like milk.

"Gaps" and Guardians.

The five-weeks gap in the payment of Unemployment benefit has imposed an extra burden on ratepayers since last year of £45,000,000, which the Guardians have had to dole out. As Mr. Lloyd George recently said, the replacement of that sum by the Government would add another 9d. to the income-tax. Ratepayers and taxpayers would find small advantage in having to pay more in taxes in order to pay less in rates.

"Courtesy!"

France has established a Blue Star League, the membership of which consists solely of road users whose slogan is "Courtesy." Reckless driving, "cutting in," bad language, and disregard of pedestrian rights are taboo, as they ought to be in this country. The Lord did not make the earth wholly and solely for motor-car drivers. Lowlier creatures have also a right to live; even old ladies, old gentlemen, and children.

A CASE IN POINT

by CLEMENCE DANE

A MAN has lately been tried, found guilty, and condemned to death for murder. He has since been reprieved as insane and sent to Broadmoor for life or until he recovers his wits, when he will be returned to prison.

Amid all the discussion that has arisen as to the rights and wrongs of such cases, certain persons whose views, poor creatures, would seem worth hearing, have been forgotten. What, if he is married, of such a man's wife? What of *her* position, of *her* future—what of any man or woman's future whose partner has been reprieved from a murder sentence or sent for life to an asylum for the mad?

A couple of years ago the Royal Commission for the Reform of the Divorce Laws recommended that any man or woman tied to a lunatic, an habitual drunkard, or a criminal serving a life sentence, should be allowed to sue for divorce. Now the Royal Commission was made up of wise and sober men and women of repute, headed by a man whose life has been spent in adjudicating the problems of the unhappily married. It is not to be supposed that Parliament set up such an inquiry merely as an idle amusement, or to keep quiet all the troublesome, tragic people clamouring for relief, nor is it to be supposed that the members of such a council reached their decisions lightly and without thought. When then will their recommendations be attended to? When will the monstrous state of affairs be altered that frees a wife by hanging her husband, but if he be reprieved at the last moment and sent to a prison or asylum for the rest of his natural life, does not so free her? How long will the law, more merciful to the guilty than the innocent, continue indirectly to punish her for her husband's crime by insisting that she must live a life either of loneliness or immorality, tied to the memory of a man from whom justice and his own acts have parted her for ever.

A Wonderful Old Lady.

The house of Mme. Damaris, an Anglo-Indian lady aged 80, living alone at Enfield, caught fire. She insisted in helping the firemen, singeing her silvery hair. Her great anxiety was for her many pets, of whom she rescued all save a prize rabbit. Gallant old soul!

Left on the Road.

Red tape is a wonderful and a cruel thing. The other day, a poor lad living at Keele, in Staffordshire, met with an accident which rendered him unconscious. A good samaritan, passing by, gave what aid he could · but when it came to a question of admitting him to the Mew Castle (Staffs.) Workhouse, he was refused on the grounds that he was not a resident of the parish! Could bumbledom farther go?

Trade Union Tyranny.

According to Sir Harry Greer, M.P., the Woodworkers' Union are refusing to handle the products of Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops, because the disabled ex-soldiers employed in them are not members of the Union and are kept going by the assistance of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society. Decent Trade Unionists everywhere will resent this attitude as a disgrace to their movement.

The Alternative.

William Morris, a labourer, lives with his wife and four children in a tent near Pontardawe, S. Wales. He lives in a tent because he cannot find a house. He cannot find a house because, presumably, there isn't a house to be found. Nevertheless, he has been warned that if he does not vacate his tent within a month he will be fined £5 and 40s. for every day he continues therein. A pretty piece of Welsh bumbledom.

Robbing the Orphan.

William John Elkins, 38, a Bristol postman, has been sentenced to ten months' hard labour for stealing letters containing money intended for Muller's Orphanage. As many donations to this worthy institution are anonymous, the difficulty of detecting theft is very great. The sentence was not a second too long. We are inclined to hope that the pathetic, accusing faces of the poor orphaned children will haunt Elkins in his cell.

"In England Now."

When a woman was charged at Marylebone with stealing a piece of meat, it transpired that she had six starving children, one of them not expected to live. Her sole income was 30s. a week, which her husband obtained by casual labour. The rent was £17 in arrear. There was not a scrap of food in the home, or any furniture. Mr. Symmons, the Magistrate, bound her over. That, at least, was a Christian action. But where was the Relieving Officer?

Woman to Woman.

The policewomen who guard the "ever open door" of the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, might exercise a little more consideration and discretion. We don't like to hear of a young woman with an infant in her arms being turned away at 1.30 in the morning on the ground that the church was full—which could hardly have been the case. We are confident the Rev. H. L. R. Shepherd would regard such an unwarranted assumption of authority with disapproval.

Insult to Injury.

Our priceless Post Office! Ten years ago a picture postcard was sent from Ealing to Dorset. It has just been delivered, its intended recipient having obligingly kept alive in the interval. This would be, perhaps, a case of all's well that ends well—but as the postcard bore a half-penny stamp, the postal authorities insisted on a surcharge!

Dangerous Practice.

The sad fatality which followed the collapse of a bicycle ridden by John Henry Barton, of Derby, with his younger brother on the cross-bar, should direct attention to a very dangerous practice. The little passenger sustained injuries from which he died. Bicycle frames cannot bear transverse weight, though they can withstand enormous compression.

Wandering Women.

It is disconcerting to learn that an average of about 4,000 women and girls are every year reported at New Scotland Yard as missing from home. Facts prove that seldom is there a man in the case; the woman simply leaves home in pique or petulance, or in consequence of a "row in the house." After a while she goes back of her own accord to forgive and be forgiven, and often to live happily ever after.

The Stuff to Give 'em!

The Ramsgate Bench are to be congratulated on having taken a serious view of an offence which too many Magistrates treat with shameful leniency—namely, the callous neglect of domestic animals. For half-starving his pony over a period of three weeks, Thomas Henry Fassam, of Union Street, Ramsgate, was fined £15 and £3 costs, with the alternative of two months' imprisonment. If this moderate degree · of severity does not act as a deterrent, harsher measures must be resorted to.

Senseless Savagery.

By way of discouraging others, Arthur Conmy, who escaped from Parkhurst Prison, is to be confined in an iron belt and fetters, connected by 6 lb. chains, for the next six months. Such brutality violates not only every sporting instinct, but all sense of justice and decency.

Complicating the Simple Life.

Camping out is a perilous proceeding in the neighbourhood of West Gorton, Manchester. Ten young men pitched their tent on a piece of unfenced ground by a pathway, believing that they were doing harm to no man. Three days later they were summoned for committing "damage to grass," and each fined £1. Surely much ado about next to nothing.

Billericay's Bother.

Once again the Billericay Council complain that, owing to the inadequacy of police protection, whole districts of Essex are being terrorised night and day by increasing numbers of louts and scoundrels. Fences are being broken down, posts burned, crops ruined, women threatened and tradesmen bullied into giving away stock, while hordes of gipsies do what they will. What's the matter with the Chief Constable?

Something Rich from Richmond.

A diverting incident occurred at Richmond the other day, when a motorist was fined for being drunk. The Police Surgeon stated that, when applying tests for drunkenness, he found that the pupil of the accused's right eye did not respond to the light. Since it subsequently proved to be made of glass, this is not surprising. What fills us with wonder is, that a doctor exists who could not distinguish a glass eye from the natural variety. We trust he is more successful with respect to wooden legs.

THE COAL RAMP

by ARNOLD BENNETT

THE price of the best coal has suddenly dropped 9s. a ton. This is an item which directly or indirectly affects all of us who are not polar bears. Yet it does not seem to interest us a tenth as much as the mysterious murder of one nonentity by another nonentity. We are supposed to love mysteries, but this coal fact is as full of mysteries as any murder. For example, though "best coal" has fallen 9s., "best nuts" have fallen only 8s., "kitchen nuts" only 6s. 6d., "stove coal" only 3s. 6d.; and anthracite has not fallen at all. Why?

Again, as regards London and the great provincial centres, coal always falls, or rises (generally the latter), unanimously and without notice. The prices of such things as hats, boots, soap, motor-cars, vary irregularly, and from shop to shop. Bargains are to be had. There are no bargains, because there is no competition, in coal.

The superficial explanation is of course simple. A coal-ring exists. But who are the individualities who run the coal-ring? How do they work, by what secret machinery, to influence our family budgets and therefore our lives? The public knows not and apparently cares not. It hungers for gossip about prize-fighters, tennis-players, brides, or the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. But do you ever see in a paper a photograph with the caption, "Portrait of Mr.——, chairman of the Coal-ring, who decides whether you can afford to have an all-day fire in your sitting-room next winter or whether you must be content with a fire in the evenings only"? You do not.

And coal is not unique. What happens with the price of coal happens, for example, with the price of milk and the price of petrol—prime necessaries. We are told how much to pay. We pay. Ours not to reason why, ours but to pay and sigh!

It is very odd, this incuriosity of ours and of our newspapers. We look on America as the land of trusts. But trusts, and big trusts, are steadily gripping tighter and tighter the proud free Englishman (who prefers to call them "rings"). I don't know that I have anything against trusts. I think trusts are inevitable. I think the individuals who form themselves into rings are very much like you and me. A petrol-king during the war made a public confession which deeply shocked the singular moral sense of the country. He asserted that petrol was worth what it would fetch. But of course it is! So is everything, and we all behave just like the heads of trusts when we get the chance.

But I do think we might insist on knowing about the individualities and the methods of the trusts which rule us far more autocratically than Frederick the Great ever ruled Prussia.

"KIDDING" THE WORKERS

Sheffield's Object Lesson

By Our Special Commissioner

ON June 19th I was a looker-on in the Sheffield Police Court, when twelve men—two of them City Councillors—appeared on remand to answer a charge of riotous conduct during an unemployed demonstration in front of a house from which a family had just been evicted by an Order of Court.

As the case had to go to the Leeds Assizes it would be improper to comment upon it; but there can be no objection to my saying that it was not disputed that the demonstrators marched to the singing of "The Red Flag."

"Red" Influence.

Now Sheffield has probably a bigger percentage of unemployed than any town in the kingdom—roughly, its figure is nearly three times the general average of the country—and it would be absurd to say that these three or four hundred demonstrators were representative of the general body of Sheffield out-of-works.

My observation and enquiries while I was in Sheffield, however, led me to the conclusion that the "Reds" there have at least five times the number of followers they had two years ago.

This will be startling news to the average reader; but the discovery did not surprise me, for I had expected something of the sort. I have been investigating the "Reds" at very close range for the past three years, and I probably know more of their policy and the methods of carrying it out than anyone who is not a member of one or other of their executives.

Festering Discontent.

This policy may be summed up as pouring vitriol on social and industrial sores while at the same time "kidding" the worker that under "Red" government all his sores would be healed and he would never have any more.

The method of carrying out the policy is to attempt to widen every breach between masters and men; to promote and foment working-class discontent of all sorts, and to do their level best to prevent the removal of the causes of it. There has, unfortunately, been only too much opportunity for the application of this method in Sheffield, and all over the country, during the past two years.

If the extremists of this country could put every workless man into a job and raise every worker's wage to the comfort line, they would not do it. On the contrary they would do their utmost to prevent its being done.

I am quite well aware that extremists in various parts of the country—notably in Glasgow—claim to have initiated most of the useful changes for the benefit of the working class; but if these claims be closely examined it will be found that in places where credit is due it belongs to moderate socialists, who, unlike the extremists, are always willing to co-operate with anyone in bettering existing conditions.

I have been on more or less intimate terms with many "Red" organisers—on the false pretence that I was a "Red" myself, I confess—and I am convinced that not one of them really believed in the possibility of their "hot air" ever congealing into solid fact.

Mystery Gold.

Some of them quite frankly admitted that they were in the movement as a means of livelihood, and expressed hopes for the continuance of the mysterious showers of gold that had made the lot of the extremist organiser a fairly desirable one.

Few of them pretended—among ourselves—that "government by the proletariat," meant anything other than the dictatorship of a narrow and exclusive clique, and they were unanimous in the opinion that freedom, as we understand it, would be quite impossible in a country under a "Red" regime.

I do not think for a moment that there is the slightest danger of this country ever being reduced to the condition of Russia—nor do I imagine that any extremist hopes for so much—but there is a real "Red" menace in this country, nevertheless.

False Doctrines.

This menace lies in the simplicity and ignorance of our workers, who are "kidded," in increasing numbers, into the belief that the extremists are the people they must look to for the effective redress of their real grievances.

It must be understood that I make no allegations of any sort against the twelve men on trial. I know nothing about any of them and do not suggest, even, that there is an extremist among them.

DOUBTFUL CHARITY

Making a Blind of the Blind

THE notorious Walter Blackburn, of 28, Bessborough Gardens, is busy again. For many years we have kept this impostor under observation.

Blackburn specialises in the collection of money on behalf of charities; and his latest scheme for extracting cash from the pockets of the sympathetic and warm-hearted takes the guise of the Gospel Mission for Blind Adults, whereof the headquarters are at Shaftesbury Hall, Trinity Street, Borough, S.E.

Unfortunately for two of Blackburn's assistants, this concern was not registered under the provisions of the War Charities Act, 1916, as re-enacted in the Blind Persons Act, 1920. Consequently, a few days ago, Ellen Currie and Lilian Dyke were charged with unlawfully making an appeal to the public for subscriptions, and were duly fined. Blackburn himself—apart, presumably, from paying the fines of his female assistants—remains unscathed, and, if he is still the Blackburn of 1914, will not be deterred by this trifling incident.

In the year mentioned, Blackburn collected about £2,000—of which the paltry proportion of £467 was handed over to the blind. We have no reason to believe that he is to-day less versed than he was then in the gentle art of making charity a paying proposition.

HUSHED-UP MINE ACCIDENTS

Lives Sacrificed on the Altar of Mammon

OUTSIDE the coal mining areas there are millions of people who have but a crude idea of what a pit shaft is like. Of those millions there are few indeed, who can claim a personal acquaintance with the working conditions of a mine. Six days every week men and boys descend into the bowels of the earth, while mothers and young children live on through the day not knowing what the evening may bring.

Sometimes the great calamity comes, and the country is roused from its stupor by the resounding echoes of a tragedy that brings bereavement to scores of humble homes. Only at such times does the majority realise the danger with which the life of a miner is encompassed.

Yet almost every day to one little home, at least, in some little coal mining district, death brings its burden of sorrow—and much of this sorrow is born of negligence on the part of the underground management.

As a result, avoidable accidents occur every day. The number increases every week. Only a few are reported, the remainder are hushed-up. Why? Because if the truth were told the managers would suffer.

Men are compelled to work under conditions which transgress all regulations, and which are known to be dangerous. The visits of Government Inspectors are farcical, because news of the presence of these officials in a district is quietly passed round from one management to another, and on arrival at a mine they find everything as it should be.

Haulage roads have been cleaned up, broken bars replaced, and manholes cleared out. In fact, within a few hours death-traps are transformed into places of safety, and the general appearance of the mine made to look more like a tunnel on the underground railway.

What a pity such work is carried out only on special occasions! Ill-conceived economy is largely to blame.

Many a miner has breathed his last simply because the roof under which he was working was not supported by pit props. But the real reason for such "accidents" is never given. The man who told the truth would do so on the penalty of dismissal—and dismissal from one colliery would mean that every pit shaft in the district would be closed to him.

The latest Government report, which gives statistics for 1921, ingenuously states that the number of separate accidents in mines was the smallest on record.

And no wonder when so many are hushed-up!

FOR VALOUR!

Hardships of a V.C. Hero

RICHARD NICHOLSON was a proud man when he paraded at Buckingham Palace nearly 40 years ago, and King Edward, then Prince of Wales, pinned on his breast the Victoria Cross awarded him for valour in Egypt.

When war broke out in 1914, although he was nearing the allotted span of life, he gave himself a more youthful appearance by dyeing his hair, and enlisted under another name in the Durham Light Infantry.

He was three times wounded, and was finally discharged in December, 1918. He was awarded a pension of one shilling a day, which ceased at the end of six months.

This gallant old warrior possesses ten medals in addition to his cherished V.C.

But the full tale of his sacrifices is not yet told. His six sons all laid down their lives in the war, and his wife died of a broken heart.

Surely here is a hero whom the nation should honour in the evening of his years!

Yet he is found at Fleetwood, bent with age and crippled with rheumatism, making his way to Kirkham Workhouse, where he proposed to stay until formalities in connection with his Old Age pension are completed. His yearly V.C. bounty is not payable until August, and meanwhile he is penniless.

What a reward for valour!

"IT COMES TO ENGLAND."

THE SPIRIT OF POLITICAL MURDER: "Somehow, I don't seem able to breathe in this climate"—
THE STRONG HAND: "No. You'll have to go home!"

Our Weekly KINEMA

Now Pussyfoot's come back again
We soon shall hear him mewing,
For when he's anywhere about
We know there's trouble *brewing*.

With Uncle Sam we all agree
That Mr. Taft is "great,"
And anyone at once can see
That he's "a man of weight."

As now a little holiday
The Prince is going to snatch,
Some people think at last he may
Find time to "make a match."

De Valera at last can see
What Ireland thinks of cranks,
For at the polls his policy
Has been "declined with thanks."

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

To the Rt. Hon. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,
House of Commons.

DEAR AUSTEN,—It is all very well to tell General Seely and the country at large that "the Government are aware of the position in regard to national security and the development of aviation in all its various aspects, and are giving the matter serious consideration." The Government always seem to be aware of any situation and are always giving it serious consideration—but nothing happens! Your formula simply means that this vital matter is being shelved while the Cabinet occupies itself with things that by comparison are trivial. It's Deeds we want, not Words. Planes—not Platitudes! JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. E. UNGOED THOMAS,
Chairman of the Welsh Baptist Union, Carmarthen.

SIR,—A bit of autobiography which you have just handed out to the Anglesey Baptist Association is very entertaining. It appears that you once visited a race-course, and when you heard the bookies calling "Two to one!" "Three to one!" and so on, you thought it was hell on earth. It is always interesting to get a glimpse of the nether regions from an authority on the subject, but I am not sure that you are wise in disclosing the fact that horse-racing takes place there. It might prove an attraction! JOHN BULL.

To JUDGE CLUER,
County Court, Shoreditch.

YOUR HONOUR,—You were rather rough on a Jewish judgment debtor who came before you recently. When he explained he had handed over his business to his wife, you described the operation as a fraud peculiarly characteristic of the Jewish race. This seems to me hardly a fair criticism. It is a business artifice common to all races. Sitting in a Court in what is largely a Jewish quarter, you should be more discriminate. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. H. G. WOODFORD,
Unitarian Church, Trowbridge.

SIR,—Your denunciation of bald heads and beards in the pulpit is not without reason. The fossilised ideas of stone-age minds drive people away from church rather than attract them. There should be an age of compulsory retirement in order to give the younger clergy a chance. Still, I am bound to say there are occasions when it does good for the preacher to go for his flock baldheaded! JOHN BULL.

To ALFRED HORACE SHAKEL,
Southwark, S.E.

SIR,—There are thieves *and* thieves. You belong to the lowest and most degraded section of the profession. As Secretary of the Southwark Unemployed Committee you had charge of the musical instruments. You stole them, and you have got a richly-deserved month in gaol for it. You are the type of thief who would not only take the coppers from a blind man's tin can, but rob the poor fellow's dog of its bone. JOHN BULL.

To J. H. STEVENS,
Smith Street, Balderton, Newark.

SIR,—For sheer brutal cowardice the assault on Mrs. Ford, for which you are now doing a month's hard labour, seems to me very hard to beat. You forced your unwelcome attentions upon her in the street, and when she very properly resented your conduct you knocked her down and hit her several times on the back of the head. Then some neighbours appeared, so you kicked her and ran away. You are the sort of unmitigated ruffian for whom corporal punishment was intended, and it is perfectly scandalous that you should have got off with such an inadequate sentence. JOHN BULL.

To GENERAL LORD HORNE,
Basil Mansions, S.W.

DEAR GENERAL,—It was all very well for you to recommend the Army or Navy to the "young fellows now seen hanging about street corners, drawing unemployment pay and living on their mothers," but since both Services are rapidly discharging men, what you suggest would be very like trying to fill a tank while the tap is running. I deplore the unemployment now rife, but cannot see that enlistment is a remedy for it. It would merely increase the taxpayers' burden. Think again.
JOHN BULL.

To W. G. IRVING,
Phythian Street, Liverpool.

SIR,—Your poor little son, aged 13, was sent shopping, and on returning reported that he had lost a 10s. note. Having locked his mother out of the house, you thrashed the poor child so severely with your belt that a dozen large weals were found on his back and the skin was broken in four places. The money was subsequently found in the street. I congratulate the Liverpool Stipendiary who sent you to prison with hard labour for three months, and I advise you when you come out to leave the correction of your offspring to his mother.
JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN of MAGISTRATES,
Otley.

SIR,—Your sentence on John Lindsay, of Burley-in-Wharfedale, charged with stealing £16 from unoccupied premises, was that he should not enter a public-house for six months. Excuse me for putting it so bluntly, but you and your colleagues have been elevated to your honourable positions to administer the law and to mete out punishment within the limits prescribed thereby—not to inflict tom-fool penalties which remind one of the old nursery game of "Forfeits." Pull yourselves together! JOHN BULL.

To ROBERT BROWN,
Shepley, Huddersfield.

SIR,—I suppose one has to call you a man, but upon my word you are a pretty poor specimen. You have allowed your wife to let your home deteriorate into something worse than a pigsty, and to neglect your four children, the youngest of whom is a baby of two, until, through sleeping in verminous bedclothes, their condition became truly pitiable, and the two of you had to be summoned for neglect. You stated in the witness-box that you never took beer, and gave your wife all the money you earned. Take my tip and have a glass or two occasionally; it may give you Dutch courage enough to convert her from a worthless slut into something more useful.
JOHN BULL.

To CHARLES KING FRANCIS, Esq.,
Magistrate, South-West London Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to see that you have passed sentence of six months' hard labour on Edward John Wright, a married man with a grown-up family, who committed an indecent assault on a little girl on Clapham Common. There is an appalling number of these crimes up and down the country, and provincial Benches treat them with a gentleness that almost amounts to levity. Wright was 62 and obviously abnormal, so perhaps he was not a fit subject for more violent punishment; but I want to see the "cat" applied in these cases. JOHN BULL.

Telegram to THE VERY REV. DEAN INGE,
Deanery, St. Paul's.

Congratulations on your remark that "Recreation is one of the objects of Sunday." You are not such a killjoy as I thought. BULL.

£250 Death Claim paid this week!

Without Fear or Favour

by The Editor

Murder Most Foul

THE tragedy which drew the veil over the life of Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson cannot be regarded merely as the culmination of a vendetta against an individual. It was an outrage of all the codes of civilisation.

The whole world stands aghast at the perpetration of a cruel, cold-blooded murder which to us in this country affords another glaring illustration of that utter disregard for human life which has stained the pages of Irish history.

Sacrifice upon sacrifice has been laid upon the altar of Irish nationhood. Thousands of precious lives have gone to appease a fury of fanaticism which in recent years has given full rein to the outlawry of force. The unconquerable spirit of freedom claims its martyrs in every age.

One hour before he met his death at the hands of his assassins, Sir Henry Wilson was unveiling a memorial to 1,200 employees of the Great Eastern Railway who had laid down their lives in the cause of liberty. "In doing what they thought was right they paid the penalty," he said, while the tears rolled down the cheeks of the people who looked on and listened.

Whatever the gallant Field Marshal may have said or done, in the recent past, to rouse the unrelenting hatred of his fellow countrymen, he thought he was doing the right thing for a people he loved, and his last prophetic words will re-echo throughout the British Empire, and among the other peoples of the world whose laws are founded upon the undefiled principles of equity.

For us who inhabit these islands, the dastardly crime has provided an opening through which an assault must be made upon a citadel that has stood intact far too long. The men who fired the fatal shots, and their accomplices, will no doubt meet with just punishment. But the law must look farther afield for the real culprits.

The thoughtless, bloodthirsty, yet misguided fragments of humanity now in custody are merely instruments used for the carrying out of reckless designs. Behind them, urging them on, are the master criminals. Until they are taken and dealt with in a proper manner, other instruments will be forged to wreck other lives. And so the tragic farce will continue, and pseudo martyrs will flourish!

The Plain Man's Politics

IN the present confusion of politics the plain voter is bewildered. He sees difficulties on all hands. He gets little or no light from the speeches of the politicians. Inevitably he is coming more and more to think out things for himself.

Where, he asks in despair, is he to find a political home? For the plain voter has grown out of the swaddling clothes of Party politics. Certain fixed principles hold him; economy he desires above all things, but not so much of it as to imperil vital national services. Peace he desires, but not at any price. Success for his country and for the great Empire to which he belongs is almost a fetish with him, though he is no flag-wagging jingo.

He supports the present industrial system, not because it is ideal, but because it works and can be improved. The existing Parties offer no intelligent programme to the plain voter. The Coalition is a spineless monstrosity; its component parts are mere names. The very meaning of Unionism vanished with the signing of the Treaty with the Irish Free State. The Liberal Party has pursued its internecine quarrels to the point of suicide. The Die-Hards are out of touch with the spirit of the times. The Labour Party is suspect of Communism; it enshrines the class spirit which makes for revolution and industrial war.

More and more the plain man becomes a political Ishmael, an Adullamite who from his cave watches the Party-pageant with unconcealed disdain. There is no true home for the independent political thinker in any of the existing Parties.

Now, if ever, with a General Election in the offing, is the time to offer the plain voter a programme which meets his conception of the country's needs. Which Party in the State will be the first to write down, in plain English, a confession of faith to which intelligent men and women may whole-heartedly subscribe? The forces of sanity are growing stronger every day. They want a programme, and a leader.

Hail, Columbia!

IT always sounds a little odd to speak of the United States of America as a foreign country. In our hearts we know that it is not. There are strands of affinity, deep unities of thought and feeling, which no degree of estrangement can wholly sever.

We have welcomed Mr. Taft, a former occupant of the White House, and now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, not as an alien but as one of our British stock who owes an allegiance not, it is true, to British forms of government, but to the great underlying traditions of our race.

As a lawyer Mr. Taft has come to look into the administration of the Common Law of England, from which the American civil code is principally derived, and his mission serves to emphasise the essential solidarity of the English-speaking world. In law and literature, in moral perception and political instinct, in social and domestic life, the British and American peoples link hands in brotherhood. A quarrel between the two nations could never be more than a family brawl, wordy while it lasted but stopping short of blows.

War would be fratricide, so mad and wicked as to be unthinkable.

In the arts of peace, in commerce and industry, in science and invention, we shall strive for our own hand. We shall ask no favours and expect none from our American cousins.

But we shall keep friends if we keep sane; while from time to time we shall welcome citizens of the great Republic to our shores and remind them that, though they may be 100 per cent. Americans, there is English blood in their veins.

An Affair of Dishonour

IT is the nature of the British public to detest humbug and abhor a sham. Consequently there is widespread indignation at the refusal of Mr. Chamberlain to allow a Parliamentary debate upon the sale of honours no less than at the recent scandalous disclosures in the House of Lords regarding the peerage recently conferred upon Sir Joseph Robinson. We will deal first with the Robinson case, and we intend to speak plainly.

This South African financial magnate is not a fit and proper person to be a member of the British Peerage. There are episodes in his career which stand as black marks against his honour. As recently as 1906, he was implicated in transactions leading up to a lawsuit in the South African courts, in which he was found to have made illicit profits by underhand means and ordered to refund the money. The Chief Justice stigmatized his conduct in the strongest terms, and all South Africa rang with the scandal.

Yet to-day this discredited money merchant is considered good enough to sit, if he chooses, in the House of Lords in company with men whose names will live in history as among the greatest of Britain's sons. There was even no plausible pretext for the conferment of a peerage upon Sir Joseph Robinson. The ingenuity to discover one did not reside in the brains of His Majesty's advisers.

On the contrary, four Peers who have held office as Governors General in the South African Union declared that they are unable to recall a single instance of those "services to the Empire" upon which this misplaced honour is supposed to rest, while the Prime Minister of the Union intimates that he was not consulted upon the matter. The whole thing is part and parcel of that shameful traffic in titles of rank which is among the most corrupt features of our modern political life.

We know nothing to the credit of Sir Joseph Robinson; much to his discredit. We are favoured with no facts in regard to his alleged Imperial services. We *do* know, however, that he is rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and from this fact, in the circumstances now disclosed, the public will draw their own inference. That it will be the correct one we have no manner of doubt. If not, why does Mr. Chamberlain burke the Parliamentary discussion of this vital issue?

Nor can the Prime Minister escape direct responsibility for the advice he sees fit to tender His Majesty regarding the conferment of titles. It is not the first time Mr. Lloyd George has offended, although never before has his easy cynicism run to such unpleasant lengths. This is not a light matter which can be passed over in silence. A lax system of patronage may work untold mischief.

In the case of Sir Joseph Robinson the King has been ill served by his Ministers, whose duty it is to see that, for the credit of the Empire and the prestige of the Throne, the fountain of honour is kept pure and undefiled.

Let us send you this trial packet of Shredded Wheat

Here's your opportunity to try Shredded Wheat, the world-famous health-dish, without cost to yourself—be sure not to miss it. Fill in and send the coupon *now*—and you will soon be sitting down to a most enticing dish of crisp, golden whole-wheat biscuits—a delicious, healthful treat such as you have never known before.

Shredded Wheat, as a breakfast dish, is ideal every day. It offers *real* nourishment—as much as your body needs for the day's work—in the smallest, most concentrated form—that is, in the form of crisp little loaves. It is a cold dish, cooling in its effect—a big dish, big in pure food value. There is nothing like it—no other cereal dainty that can be called its substitute, either in shape, form, purity or goodness.

Try Shredded Wheat with stewed or tinned fruits at luncheon. It is a wonderful dish, this—the whole-wheat makes a happy, healthy combination with the fruit. You taste them both at their best this way—and it is much cheaper and better than making fruit-pie.

Write for the sample *now*, and see for yourself.

Shredded Wheat

100% FOOD

Made in World's Cleanest Food Factory

POST THIS TO-DAY.

COUPON

To the Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd.,
26, General Buildings,
Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

Please forward me a trial packet of Shredded Wheat and a copy of the "Cook Book" (containing dainty recipes) both gratis and post free.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Please write your Name in "BLOCK" letters.

HELPING THE ALIEN

How Undesirables Get Naturalised

ONCE upon a time there existed in this country a praiseworthy system for dealing with foreigners who desired to become naturalised British subjects. It was directed from the Special Branch at Scotland Yard. Under this system one man made exhaustive enquiries, and carried through all the investigations necessary for any particular case. The results were in every way satisfactory.

Since the great re-organisation the manner of dealing with aliens has undergone a change—and in our opinion for the worse. Instead of being carried on by a central body, the work has been transferred to the local police authorities to be dealt with piecemeal. Obviously this is not only less effective, but a sheer waste of time.

Let it be thoroughly understood that this question of naturalisation is a very important matter. Every year scores of foreigners apply for certificates, and it is absolutely essential that no undesirable alien should be allowed to hide himself under the cloak of the Union Jack.

Yet there is a grave danger of such a thing happening unless the organisation is more tightly drawn together.

Consider what happens at the present time. A man applies for a Certificate of Naturalisation. In the first place he has to satisfy the authorities of his own *bona-fides*, and supply a number of references. The applicant may live in the East End of London, while the people willing to support him have their domiciles in various parts of the metropolis.

Under the system in operation three or four men, each from a different police division, are set to work. The report of the officer who saw the applicant is sent on to "A," who interviews one of the "references." "A's" report, together with the original document, is passed on to "B," who in turn makes enquiries and then transfers the operations to "C." This circumlocutory process has obvious disadvantages.

All the reports, having been collated, are sent to headquarters, and in due course an official passes judgment. There may be an advantage in having four or five men enquiring into the character of one foreigner, but unfortunately we happen to know that this scattering of responsibility leads to a great deal of blundering and inefficiency.

As a matter of fact, we are not altogether satisfied that these individual enquiries are made with the subtlety, circumspection or directness demanded by the circumstances. The majority of the people given as references are usually close friends of the man desirous of becoming a British subject, and it would be unkind indeed of them to be sparing in their lavish words of praise!

SHOULD TEACHERS STRIKE?

(By Our Special Commissioner)

DURING the week I have asked that question, in various forms, of about a hundred each of men, women, and children in Southampton, where the school-teachers have been on strike for the past three months.

All the men I interviewed admitted the teachers' right to strike; but a majority of them thought that some other way of settling disputes ought to be found, and one made the suggestion, which was heartily endorsed by many to whom I afterwards put it, that both sides ought to submit to the arbitration of the national Education Department.

The women with children were unanimously against teachers' strikes, and many of them showed considerable feeling in the matter. About one in five of those to whom I spoke said the subject did not interest them, and declined to express an opinion.

From the children, whom I found in crowds in the noble green open spaces in the centre of the town, I got the impression that the strike is far from popular among them. This was hardly what I expected to find; but it is probably due to the fact that they are tired of being away from school. Indeed, three out of four of them said that they would be glad when the strike was over.

One pert youth, who said he was twelve but looked younger, expressed the opinion that the strike was "a jolly good thing" and hoped that it would last a long time.

The teachers of Southampton are striking for an increase of pay—not against a reduction—and it seems to me that they are really poorly paid as compared with teachers in many other towns of the same size.

The Council's position, however, strikes me as being a pretty strong one, for it is pleaded that the town cannot at present afford to pay the teachers under Section III of the Burnham Scale, which is the teachers' demand.

The public interest in this strike appears to me to lie in the fact that many education authorities are coming to the conclusion that the Burnham Scale is too generous in the present state of local finances, and that this Southampton strike will possibly have a far-reaching effect.

BEER PRICES AND PROFITS

How "Pussyfoot" is Helped by Greed

THERE is no doubt whatever that the teetotal organisations throughout the country are engaged in a very determined attack on the liberty of the subject with respect to the consumption of alcoholic beverages. The Temperance Council of the Christian Churches of England and Wales is feverishly at work circulating literature that sets out at length, and with no lack of detail, the evils which arise from immoderate indulgence in drink.

At present the teetotal propagandist is being helped very considerably in a way he may not suspect. He is being aided by the very trade which he seeks to suppress. The profiteering spirit which is reflected in the brewery dividends of the past few years has not only alienated the sympathy of the moderate drinker of modest means but has perforce converted a great many to virtual abstinence.

A glance through a current investments list provides interesting evidence on this point. Brewery shares yielding as much as 20 per cent. per annum are repeatedly mentioned, and cases of 22 and 23 per cent. can be found.

The present "standard" rate of beer duty (£5 a barrel) is used in the brewers' argument with great effect. But it is a misleading figure. The duty actually is levied, not on the bulk, but on the degrees of gravity. Consequently, the brewer pays on the "fivepenny" beer only from 54s. to 58s. per barrel.

On the sevenpenny beer the duty ranges from £3 5s. 6d. to £3 16s. 6d. per barrel. This fact is carefully concealed from the consumer, who in his ignorance believes that the duty is entirely responsible for his being called upon to pay 5d. for what formerly cost him about 2d. So, by their greed, the brewers are aiding "Pussyfoot."

MINDS IN TORMENT

Lunacy Methods that Spell Disaster

by Capt. C. E. LOSEBY, M.C., M.P.

THE general public is beginning at last to realise that the detention of not less than five battalions of broken soldiers in lunatic asylums constitutes something approaching a national scandal.

It is true that these men are no worse off than many civilians similarly situated. It is possible, however, to argue that if our methods are unsatisfactory for the civilian they are doubly unsatisfactory for the soldier with his special claim on the gratitude of the public.

His trouble, too, may be presumed to be due to some temporary derangement. Faulty methods, therefore, for him would have results more probably disastrous; improved methods would be more certainly beneficial.

Our present method of Lunacy Administration—based as it is on the necessity of protecting the community rather than curing the individual—has evolved out of the old superstitious dread of the man "possessed of the devil."

IF the safety of the community is ensured, the ultimate fate of the unhappy disturber of the peace is not a matter of great concern to the outer world. Of all sick men he is the most unhappy. The outstanding defects of the average asylum are, however, gradually becoming known.

It is notorious that in most cases no vigorous effort is made in asylums to discover, much less remove, the root cause of the trouble, and that the sensitive, refined and curable are herded with the vicious, the wicked and the hideously incurable.

Obviously the atmosphere is all wrong in that it conveys the wrong suggestion. It is depressing and nauseating. It follows, therefore, (suggestion being all important) that recovery is retarded.

Confinement in a lunatic asylum indisputably spells mental torture indescribable to many sensitive souls.

It can hardly be doubted that many men, curable under normal circumstances, are driven to despair and permanent insanity.

WE are stopped from pleading that the apparent hardship to the individual is justified by the necessity of securing the safety of the community, as it is common knowledge that ample protection can be, and is in fact, afforded in other countries—notably France, Germany and America — where mental trouble is not treated as a species of crime, and where humanity and common sense have replaced methods as cruel and stupid as they are antiquated.

Let it always be remembered that, speaking generally, it was the best and the most gallant who, owing to their excess of zeal, too exhausting for their bodies already overtaxed, succumbed eventually to nervous trouble.

Take a couple of cases personally observed by me.

Captain A —— threw up a valuable appointment as consulting engineer in the Far East immediately on the outbreak of war, and joined up as a private soldier. Commissioned in 1915, he served in Gallipoli and the Middle East, and was five times mentioned in despatches. Eventually, owing to nervous exhaustion, and nervous exhaustion alone, he collapsed—and found himself in 1919 in a lunatic asylum.

HE was eventually rescued. His condition was pitiable. Clearly ill-nourished, he was suffering from septic mouth and severe abscesses in the face. His mental condition was worse. Almost immediately he responded to treatment.

The case of Captain B—— was worse. He was in the retreat from Mons, and in the course of the war received the M.C. and was four times mentioned in dispatches.

Suffering from severe intestinal trouble, the poison affected his brain. He was forcibly fed for nine months, and was kept naked in a padded room for long periods at a time. Could more cruel folly be imagined? He eventually succumbed.

Little doubt can be entertained that had his case been properly diagnosed and had suitable treatment followed, not only would his life have been spared but he would have regained his sanity.

Similar cases could be multiplied *ad nauseam*. These serve sufficiently, however, to illustrate the necessity of a complete change of method, unless we wish to stand condemned in the eyes of humanity.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THERE is nothing more astounding in the history of English politics than the career of Mr. Lloyd George. No other politician has inspired alternately such hatred and such love.

The first thing that strikes one about him is undoubtedly his fighting spirit. During the Boer war he was just as aggressively pacific as he was aggressively bellicose during the late war.

He has endeared himself equally to the man in the pub and the man in the club.

Years ago, in speaking to a friend, he used these words: "My ambition in life is to achieve a position as supreme as Napoleon's was, to govern with absolute power, if only for a year or two, and to be remembered as one who raised his fellow-men without ever stooping for popularity."

Unfortunately, he has not only stooped but grovelled. His cowardice was first noticeable in the last election, when he swore to present the Kaiser's head to the electorate if only they would dance to the polling booths for him. True, the Premier's courage returned at Genoa; but it was too late for his own reputation. He should never have torn down the bright colours of that early ambition.

COURAGE and cowardice, then, he has, and with these a vitality that would not have disgraced Napoleon or Gladstone. But there is another side to his nature, which perhaps more than any other has made his public life one long series of triumphs.

There is no doubt whatever that his power of making people work together in harmony and getting the best out of them amounts to genius. He has the extraordinary knack of pumping people without

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

letting them feel they are being pumped. He makes everyone confide fully in him, suggesting without actually giving a full return of confidence on his part. And not a soul leaves his presence without feeling that his cares and interests are identical with those of the Premier.

This, at least, we do know. No one but Mr. Lloyd George could have maintained the cohesion between men of utterly dissimilar temperaments that was so essential during the war. A scene remains in my memory.

THE Premier was battling in committee with apparently irreconcilable parties. At last he realised that argument was useless, and his extraordinary adaptability immediately manifested itself. He withdrew from the discussion, which continued heatedly without him for several minutes. Suddenly there was a silence. The Premier's voice was heard again. But it was a different voice, and his whole manner had changed with it.

In deep, passionate tones, tears standing in his eyes, he appealed to everyone present to save the country in her hour of utmost need. You could have heard a pin drop between his periods. A wrangling defiant debate instantly gave place to a religious exhortation; the atmosphere of a school-room changed to that of a cathedral.

"THINK," he said, "of the brave fellows out there, shedding their blood for us. Is it fair, gentlemen, that we should squabble while they die? Come, let us be just to ourselves . . ."

Of course, he won. He always did win—while the war was on. The emotion of the man swept all before him.

He is still acting as well as ever he did, but he no longer has that magnificent stage-setting which for over four years made a superb background for the display of his remarkable histrionic abilities. Besides, his audiences are getting a bit restive. . . .

No Sectional Treaties

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MR. ASQUITH'S article in last week's JOHN BULL is the timely pronouncement of an eminent statesman on the outstanding problem of our international future. It is every man's problem, and none of us can afford to neglect it; we must all get in and push if things are to come right. Mr. Asquith lays down four conditions of success in the attainment of international harmony. Of these the most important is the last: all treaties must be tabled before the world.

He is a wise man who sees that. Sectional alliances, pacts and agreements, especially with the addition of secret clauses, are dangerous combustibles. They hold the seeds of many mischiefs, for by their very nature they make for division instead of unity. They tend towards suspicion, rivalry, rancour, plotting and counter-plotting, none of which evils could arise if all treaties whatsoever had to be sanctioned by international authority in order to become valid. What is the act of all is not likely to hurt any.

There might be plenty of underhand work even then, plenty of lobbying and wire-pulling and trickery. But the great gain would be publicity.

Let in the light and air; let everything be known and openly discussed; let there be real power to criticise and reject unfair proposals, and confidence will soon be established. There is nothing we need more. The world is being kept poor for lack of it.

THE AIR SCARE

by A. G. GARDINER

THE Panic Press is in full cry. The country is in danger. Across the Channel the enemy-that-may-be is turning out aeroplanes like sausages from a sausage machine. Two hundred squadrons and more already in being. We have only twelve. Two hundred squadrons to twelve! What chance have we? Any day the air over London may be as thick with aeroplanes as the surface of a pond with flies in June. Any day London may be laid waste!

And who is this enemy-that-may-be? What is this country that is supposed to be preparing to swoop down on us and turn our cities to ashes? France!

But has it come to this already? Is it really possible that our Panic-mongers have already put France in the place so lately held by Germany as the country with whom we are to have the next "inevitable war"? Is it suggested that France, which owes us 550 millions of war debt which she can neither pay back nor pay interest on, has nevertheless the means to pile up vast armaments of the air destined to be employed against us? Is our war loan to France to come back to us in the shape of bombs from the air?

If that is not the meaning of this panic, then what is its meaning? If that is the meaning, then what is to be said of France? And what of those panic-mongering journals which have been cheering on France in every wild extravagance of policy for the past three years? And what of those solemn declarations of eternal gratitude and friendship such as we heard a week ago from M. Poincaré at the tomb of the unknown soldier in the Abbey?

I hope and I believe that the implications of this panic are a baseless and cruel insult to France. If they are not, then it is clear that we may give up civilisation as lost. Europe can put up its shutters. The white man can retire from business and leave the yellow man from Asia and the black man from Africa to take it over.

But I protest against these implications as mad. I have opposed the French policy of founding a military dictatorship in Europe because it means the ruin of Europe, the bankruptcy of this country, the destruction of France herself and the end of European civilisation. But I refuse to believe this infamous suggestion that France is aiming at dominating the air in order to have this country at her mercy. I refuse to believe that, having spent a million lives and ten thousand millions of money to break the sword of Prussia, we are now to start a furious competition in armaments against the ally whom we saved with our blood, our ships and our treasure.

But is not the moral of this slanderous panic clear? Is it not plain that while militarism holds the field there is no friendship in the world that is secure, and that Europe must have a policy of peace or perish?

AN IDEALIST'S DI

by the Right Hon. the VISCOUNT BIRKENH
(The Lord Chancellor).

"IT is an ancient trait of human nature that a man wi services have been, somewhat against his will, dispensed .he moment should look wi h slightly unfavourable eyes u who take his place. For myself I count that man bold who round at that shipwrecked and almost submerged aggreg countries which we once knew as Europe, proclaims: 'I, and carry wi hin my head .he sagacity and the statecraft to world diseased.'"

The Right Hon. the Viscount Birkenhead.

MR. ASQUITH, in last week's issue of JOHN BULL, drew a gloomy picture of the present International conditions of Europe. It is not too gloomy. Indeed, many persons highly qualified to judge are of opinion that his outlook is even too sanguine, because it leans so heavily upon the League of Nations.

I have myself always given such support as I honestly could to the League. But I never thought it honest to gloss over objections and difficulties and pretend that they did not exist. For this reason I incurred much criticism, and was willing to incur much criticism, by making plain in an address which I delivered to the New York Bar Association in the early part of 1918 that no real effort was being made to face the difficulties which beset the conception. The real truth is that President Wilson had in his dispatch case a number of eloquent phrases upon the subject. But he had nothing else. Apparently it had never occurred to him that proposals of this kind require immense and laborious industry in detail.

THE Allies then at Versailles found themselves in this remarkable dilemma: They must maintain friendly relations with President Wilson. But he would maintain friendly relations with no Power which did not agree to embody the League of Nations in the Treaty of Peace. And as to what in detail he meant by the League of Nations unfortunately he had not the slightest idea. An even greater difficulty was apparent. No one except President Wilson would have thought it convenient to incorporate the League of Nations in the Treaty of Peace. Everyone but President Wilson knew that the American nation would not accept the League of Nations with or without the Treaty.

THE last statement is a strong one, but not too strong. I pointed out the reasons in the address already referred to, which will be found printed in the book called "My American Visit." Could or did any sane person imagine that anyone in the United States of America, except President Wilson, would pledge the whole strength of the United States to maintain a stereotyped and often artificial delimitation of European boundaries? Every sane man knew that there was not the slightest chance of the United States assuming so insane a liability.

I put the question plainly the year before the Armistice to the lawyers of America: and their answer was never in doubt. But, unfortunately for Europe and for the world, President Wilson not only underrated the difficulties which the settled convictions of his own countrymen presented, but he ludicrously overrated his own prestige, persuasiveness and power.

HE really thought that by the almost infantile device of embodying the League in, and making it a necessary part of, the Treaty of Peace he could force it upon a proud and resolute people whose instincts in the matter were far sounder than his. And the tragedy of the situation was that, on an issue so delicate and so domestic, neither Mr. Lloyd George nor M. Clemenceau was in a position to challenge the President's credentials.

How could they? No plenipotentiary of one country can say to that of another: "I challenge your c on behalf of your own people. sentative accredited, accordin stitution of his own country, be accorded by his colleag complete recognition which authority can support. Fo is was necessary to accept Pres assurances that he could carr of Nations in America.

And so for the moment the into being, with a deluge of p and rejoicing. But just as it long run advantageous to a m abilities to be thrust into positi he is unfit, so the League has undeservedly suffered, in react delusive mirage of President assurances.

IT has not up to the prese from the staggering blow w upon the defection of the U It never will recover from it —that unless and until the U adhere to the League, it can n prestige or confer the auth made airy dreams for its fou the United States will never League which contains the po tions of the present League.

The problem of the futur decide whether it is on balanc to maintain the League with constitution without the Unit so to modify that constitution it possible for the United Stat a member. Upon this questi in this short article to expres opinion, for the considerati are both lengthy and complic

IN a specially-contributed article which appeared in our issue of last wee Asquith dealt with European problems. He declared that: "After series of abortive Conferences, the problem of reparations and in ness, which lies at the root of the economic uneasiness of the world, appears far as ever from settlement. The statesmanship of Europe has been tried balance and found wanting, and there is only a dwindling minority who do n that it is high time for the Supreme Council to wind up its activities. Then the moment one direction only in which we can look with hope for the establi of Peace on Earth. The Covenant of the League of Nations stands in the fo of all the Treaties of the last three years. It was signed by the representat over thirty States, and that number has since been increased to fifty-one League has been kept in the background, and more or less in the twilight."—

N IDEALIST'S DREAM

by the Right Hon. the VISCOUNT BIRKENHEAD
(The Lord Chancellor).

"IT is an ancient trait of human nature that a man whose own services have been, somewhat against his will, dispensed with for the moment should look wi h slightly unfavourable eyes upon those who take his place. For myself I count that man bold who, looking round at that shipwrecked and almost submerged aggregation of countries which we once knew as Europe, proclaims: 'I, and I alone, carry wi hin my head the sagacity and the statecraft to heal a world diseased.'"

Everyone but President Wilson knew that the American nation would not accept the League of Nations with or without the Treaty.

THE last statement is a strong one, but not too strong. I pointed out the reasons in the address already referred to, which will be found printed in the book called "My American Visit." Could or did any sane person imagine that anyone in the United States of America, except President Wilson, would pledge the whole strength of the United States to maintain a stereotyped and often artificial delimitation of European boundaries? Every sane man knew that there was not the slightest chance of the United States assuming so insane a liability.

I put the question plainly the year before the Armistice to the lawyers of America: and their answer was never in doubt. But, unfortunately for Europe and for the world, President Wilson not only underrated the difficulties which the settled convictions of his own countrymen presented, but he ludicrously overrated his own prestige, persuasiveness and power.

HE really thought that by the almost infantile device of embodying the League in, and making it a necessary part of, the Treaty of Peace he could force it upon a proud and resolute people whose instincts in the matter were far sounder than his. And the tragedy of the situation was that, on an issue so delicate and so domestic, neither Mr. Lloyd George nor M. Clemenceau was in a position to challenge the President's credentials.

How could they? No plenipotentiary of one country can say to that of another: "I challenge your claim to speak on behalf of your own people." The representative accredited, according to the constitution of his own country, must always be accorded by his colleagues the most complete recognition which his ostensible authority can support. For this reason is was necessary to accept President Wilson's assurances that he could carry the League of Nations in America.

And so for the moment the League came into being, with a deluge of public triumph and rejoicing. But just as it is not in the long run advantageous to a man of inferior abilities to be thrust into positions for which he is unfit, so the League has suffered, and undeservedly suffered, in reaction from the delusive mirage of President Wilson's rosy assurances.

IT has not up to the present recovered from the staggering blow which followed upon the defection of the United States. It never will recover from it in this sense—that unless and until the United States adhere to the League, it can never gain the prestige or confer the authority which made airy dreams for its founders. And the United States will never adhere to a League which contains the positive obligations of the present League.

The problem of the future will be to decide whether it is on balance more useful to maintain the League with its present constitution without the United States, or so to modify that constitution as to make it possible for the United States to become a member. Upon this question I attempt in this short article to express no decisive opinion, for the considerations involved are both lengthy and complicated.

MR. ASQUITH justly comments upon the fact that Germany is not as yet a member of the League. He is on firm ground when he points out that a League of Nations which in the New World does not include the United States of America, and in the Old World does not include Germany, cannot claim a very representative character.

I have never hesitated in the whole history of the matter to indicate the difficulties as well as the advantages of the League of Nations. Even in its present condition it possesses much capacity for doing good.

No one, for instance, can easily exaggerate the prospect of usefulness that is afforded by the International Court. And it must be observed that it is upon this side of the League's work that there is most chance of the ultimate co-operation of the United States. And Mr. Asquith is fully entitled to refer to the occasions on which difficult matters have already been committed to the League of Nations by the Supreme Council.

MR. ASQUITH opens out a very disputable field when he speaks of the bankruptcy of the statesmanship of Europe. It is an ancient trait of human nature that a man whose own services have been, somewhat against his will, dispensed with for the moment should look with slightly unfavourable eyes upon those who take his place.

For myself I count that man bold who, looking round at that shipwrecked and almost submerged aggregation of countries which we once knew as Europe, proclaims: "I, and I alone, carry within my head the sagacity and the statecraft to heal a world diseased." Consideration and reflection would suggest a conclusion at once more charitable and more cautious.

NOR do I agree with Mr. Asquith's view that the League of Nations ought long ago to have taken the place of the Supreme Council. I have attended three great international conferences since the Armistice, and I am certain that if Mr. Asquith had attended one of them he would have realised how unsuited for its purpose would be the polyglot deliberations of the League.

When all is said and all is done it is still true, as it always was, that the destinies of Europe will be determined by the conclusions of a very few individuals.

At a future date I propose to examine Mr. Asquith's observations somewhat more closely, and to attempt an estimate of the matters in relation to which, in my judgment, a large sphere of usefulness awaits the League.

IN a specially-contributed article which appeared in our issue of last week, Mr. Asquith dealt with European problems. He declared that: "After a long series of abortive Conferences, the problem of reparations and indebtedness, which lies at the root of the economic uneasiness of the world, appears to be as far as ever from settlement. The statesmanship of Europe has been tried in the balance and found wanting, and there is only a dwindling minority who do not agree that it is high time for the Supreme Council to wind up its activities. There is for the moment one direction only in which we can look with hope for the establishment of Peace on Earth. The Covenant of the League of Nations stands in the forefront of all the Treaties of the last three years. It was signed by the representatives of over thirty States, and that number has since been increased to fifty-one. The League has been kept in the background, and more or less in the twilight."—ED.

HELP FOR THE NEEDY

by FRANCESCO NITTI,
Former Prime Minister of Italy.

THE hostility with which the United States of America regard all requests for loans by European States is not only justifiable but praiseworthy. Lending to the victorious countries of continental Europe merely tends to aggravate the state of confusion which is dragging Europe to its progressive decline.

With but few exceptions, these States are now maintaining armies more numerous than before the war; the vanquished nations are helpless, while the victors continue to arm and to menace.

In order to re-establish the normal economy of exchanges, it is necessary that all countries of Europe be placed in a position to produce and to exchange their wares.

Unless Italy has the necessary raw materials, a large proportion of her factories must remain idle; if she lacks capital she cannot restore life to many once flourishing industries which had already attained a notable degree of prosperity.

On the part of the United States there cannot be a policy of mere aloofness and non-intervention. Such a thing as non-intervention does not exist in the life of nations. Non-intervention practically amounts to intervention in favour of the strongest, of those who are for the time being prevalent.

America, true to her great democratic traditions, is bound to help all those forces working in favour of peace and for the reconstruction of Europe. The work of Lloyd George has really been a splendid effort towards the achievement of peace.

I can testify in full conscience that not only now, but three years ago when we exchanged views on the European situation in friendly intimacy, he expressed the most noble sentiments and intentions.

I am perfectly aware that the bitter campaign promoted in Great Britain against Lloyd George has its origin in the imperialistic spirit, and more especially in an organised opposition which, as the British Premier has repeatedly given to understand, is far from being of purely British blend.

The United States has immense resources to exploit. It is not sufficient to refuse credit; it is necessary to grant credit to those who are working towards the reconstruction of peace. A serious banking business will not loan money to a wealthy man whose nights are spent in vice and dissipation; on the other hand, it is ready to give credit to a business man of small means who is steady and works hard.

America should not grant any loans through the Commission of Reparations, nor should she give a cent to those countries which maintain large armies.

But she should whole-heartedly help (besides being a good turn it would be good business) those countries which are honestly trying to emerge from their critical post-bellum conditions by cutting down their expenses and following a peace policy.

[Copyright in America by the United Press.]

BLINDING THE POOR

Eyes Ruined by Unqualified Opticians

THOUSANDS of poor folk throughout the country are daily in danger of having the inestimably precious gift of sight filched from them by unscrupulous shopkeepers for the sake of the profits they make in selling spectacles.

In almost every town small shops may be found run by unqualified men who describe themselves as opticians. To many poor people troubled with defective sight, these establishments seem to present an attractively cheap way of obtaining glasses, but in reality they bristle with perils.

These unqualified men may be fairly skilful in repairing spectacles, but they are the last people to whom anyone should go for advice with regard to the eyesight.

They are simply salesmen. By clever talking and showy "tests"—which are often no tests at all—they convince possible customers that their eyes require the help of glasses. When they have done this they have achieved their only object, which is to sell their goods.

These "opticians" have only a very slight experience in testing for defective vision, and frequently use tests which are entirely unsuitable.

A proper test necessitates a distance of about 20 feet between the patient and the printed letters which he is asked to read. As very few of these shops possess a room large enough to provide this distance, an attempt is often made to meet the requirements of the test by the use of mirrors.

The patient is seated with his back to a wall, on which, above his head, is hung a card containing various grades of type, and he is asked to read the letters from the reflection in a mirror placed on the opposite wall. When he is able to read all the types fairly easily with the aid of lenses placed in a frame in front of his eyes he is pronounced "suited," and the corresponding glasses are supplied.

Such a test is very defective, and often results in the sufferer wearing glasses which afford a temporary relief from eye-strain, but in the end cause irremediable harm.

In the vast majority of cases the causes of defective vision can be ascertained only by a thoroughly qualified oculist, who has to employ drugs, such as atrophine, which these shoddy spectacle salesmen dare not use.

It is impossible to over-estimate the danger of wearing unsuitable glasses supplied by such quacks. The price of folly may be blindness.

They should remember that "*He that is stricken blind cannot forget the precious treasure of his eyesight lost!*"

A PURPOSE DIVERTED

Strange End to a Worthy Aim

WHEN Councillor A Davis founded "The Lady Workers' Homes, Ltd," with the object of providing healthy housing accommodation for business women at a rental well within their means, he was, without doubt, actuated by the best of motives.

At that time there was a large body of female workers in London, many of whom found it impossible to obtain unfurnished rooms or flats at a price within the scope of their wages. The rent profiteer was very much abroad, and blatant extortion was rampant. Flats and rooms which before the war were gladly let unfurnished at a reasonable figure, blossomed, by the aid of a few sticks of second-hand furniture and a strip or two of "lino," into "furnished," for which amazingly high rents were demanded.

Councillor Davis' philanthropic scheme is now, however, on a sound commercial basis. "Addison House" and Circus Road Mansions, St. John's Wood, were built at a cost of £170,000, in co-operation with the Public Utility Housing Society, Ltd., and by aid of the Government subsidy under the Housing Scheme.

At last lonely women workers in London were to be catered for as regards housing accommodation. Cheap unfurnished flats were to be available for them at the lowest rent consistent with the payment of 6 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares of the Company.

Astute advertising attracted a vast number of applications. In the correspondence which ensued, the Company struck an original note by enclosing with their letters copies—printed in red—of "The Prayer of the Lonely Woman in the City," which includes a pathetic appeal to "Keep me wise and prudent that no pirate in the seas of love may deceive me."

The most fortunate tenants appear to have been the first—of whom most, if not all, presumably *did* secure unfurnished accommodation at a fair rent. Some were actually granted a lease.

But subsequently weekly tenancies became the rule, and, painful to relate, as these little flats fell vacant, instead of being re-let to one of the "lonely women workers" clamouring for cheap unfurnished rooms, they were furnished by the Company, and let at a greatly enhanced rent to tenants who could not always be included in the category intended to be benefited.

Councillor Davis's scheme, as originally conceived, was, we are ready to admit, philanthropic in essence. It therefore seems a pity that it should have been allowed to degenerate into a mere dividend-earning concern.

KILLED BY GOSSIP

Shameful Story of Slander

MABEL JEFFRIES, a beautiful girl who had just come of age, was found by her mother in a dying condition, with three terrible wounds in her throat.

What had driven her to end her life in such a shocking manner?

Nothing, apparently, but the insidious imputations which were being made against her honour by idle street-corner busybodies.

She was employed as a wardmaid in a sanatorium at Croydon. Her beauty and her usually cheerful and laughing demeanour endeared her to all with whom she associated.

Some years ago, she sustained severe injuries in an accident, and she became subject to intermittent periods of depression.

At such times she was extremely sensitive, and brooded gloomily over the rumours that were being circulated regarding the cause of her ailment.

She was then invariably granted leave to visit her mother at Carshalton. It was during one of these visits that she sought in suicide relief from her mental anguish.

There is the best medical evidence that these base insinuations were unfounded.

The cruel gossips in Croydon and Carshalton may well stand aghast in horror at the tragedy caused by their slanderous tongues.

SOUTH COAST SMUGGLERS

Cheating the Revenue on the Day of Rest

SMUGGLING on the South Coast may not be as romantic as it was a century ago, but it is every bit as rife.

The Revenue Officers are fairly wide awake to the amount of smuggling of drugs such as cocaine and heroin which goes on daily at several Channel ports, as their recent capture of a large parcel concealed in a false-bottomed trunk shows, yet with all their vigilance they succeed in detecting only a small fraction of the quantity which passes under their noses.

Cocaine to the value of hundreds of pounds is brought into the country every day, concealed in an ordinary pack of cards, in the heel of a lady's shoe, in a pocket cigarette lighter, and a hundred other ways.

But while the Revenue Officers are devoting themselves with indifferent success to the detection of drug smuggling at the principal ports, an immense amount of contraband articles of one sort and another is being landed elsewhere on the South Coast.

Whether the Revenue officers know of this smuggling and connive at its continuance or are totally unaware of its existence seems doubtful, judging from facts in our possession. At all events, it goes on entirely unchecked

Sunday is the South Coast smugglers' joy-day, for then such stray Revenue men as might interfere with their operations take holiday.

Smugglers' caves are no longer necessary. Lobster pots, barrel-buoys, and innocent-looking boat moorings are much more handy.

There is no proper supervision of small sailing boats which reach the South Coast from Brittany and the Channel Islands.

In public-houses within 25 miles of Bournemouth, it is possible to obtain excellent French brandy at 8d. a half-quartern, and in quite a number of licensed houses in Weymouth wonderful French wines can be bought at prices considerably less than is paid at wholesale rates in London.

Lace can be procured in Portsmouth, Southampton, Bournemouth, Weymouth and Torquay at prices which would be impossible had the Revenue not been diddled.

Excellent Havana cigars can be obtained at 6d. each which would cost 1s. 8d. in any retail shop in London.

If the Revenue Officers would make a periodical inspection of some of the barrel-buoys and moorings in small bays on the South side of the Isle of Wight, such as Brook and Brixton, and some of the bays round by Boscombe Pool, they would find something to their own and the Exchequer's advantage.

BETRAYED.

Broken Promises to Service Men.

ON demobilisation a number of ex-Service men joined the Royal Air Force as clerks, and those who were appointed to the positions of Head and Supervising posts at Air Ministry Depots and who had passed the Civil Service examination, were given to understand that their jobs would be permanent.

Early this year, however, under a new scheme of organisation, numbers of these higher-grade clerks were regraded to the lowest possible category—despite the fact that they were thoroughly efficient, and had served their country in the field—and were displaced from their superior positions by Civil Service clerks from other departments.

The injustice of this manœuvre is emphasised by the fact that in many instances the newcomers had never served—in some cases being conscientious objectors—yet were installed at higher salaries than had been paid the ex-Service men.

In illustration, we may mention a case that occurred at the R.A.F. Depot at Ascot, where a non-Service man was given full control of the offices, at a salary of about £300, plus bonus. The duties of this post had been carried out for years by an ex-Service man at approximately two-thirds of the salary.

A case of injustice, not only to the capable man who was displaced, but also to the taxpayer—and a sorry lesson in patriotism.

Printers' Pie . . .

Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO": — "He chanced to fix his eye upon a TWO-HEADED URCHIN near the front."

"THE QUEEN" (advertisement):— "POULTRY, DELICIOUS ROASTING MATERNITY CASES."

"MARKET RASEN MAIL":—"The bride looked charming. She CARRIED a bouquet of white roses and carnations, AND THE BRIDEGROOM."

"BATH HERALD":—"The machine caught fire, with the result that the MACHINE WAS BURNT TO DEATH."

"GLASGOW EVENING TIMES" (advertisement):—"Parlour, bedroom, two beds, near beach. Would suit FOUR LADIES AND FOUR GENTLEMEN."

"STAR":—"The BROOCH is set with over twenty PEARS, and is a beautiful specimen of the goldsmith's art."

"DAILY EXPRESS" (advertisement):—"FEET, cool, healthy. ONE SHILLING TWO PAIRS."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"Girl BEATEN TO DEATH, but she IS MAKING PROGRESS TOWARDS RECOVERY."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"He sat close to the fire, nursing a mug of beer with one HAND and TALKING WITH THE OTHER."

"NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—"SILVER-MOUNTED HARTLEPOOL FLAT for sale. Good condition."

"BIRMINGHAM MAIL" (advertisement):—"WIDOW CLEANING ROUND WANTED. No agents."

EXTRA · TURNS

EX-PRESIDENT TAFT.

ALL the way from the U.S.A.
I've come to London town,
To see, if anything, your King,
Who wears a golden crown!
Although a true Republican,
Good things I don't despise—
In yours I recognise a man
Of quite the largest size:
That's why I'm marching on to
George-ia!

PATTER: Some pun that, what? Ha, ha! . . . Like to have some more? So you shall. Just listen to this, and if it isn't up to the sample you can call me Daft instead of Taft. Ha, ha!

(*Sings*):

All the way from Yankee-land
I've come to England's shore,
Just to shake you by the hand—
And then to shake some more!
Among your little fields and lanes
I feel a happy coon,
'Cause here, in years long flown,
I'll own,
I spent my honeymoon!
And then, so to say, went back
to Georg-ia!

PATTER: Ha, ha! A good American must drag in Georgia somehow, you know. Well, here I am again, after an interval of thirty-four years. Great things have happened to us all since then, I guess. I don't want to talk about myself, but I suppose that's what I'm here for. Well, I've been President of the United States, which at one time was beyond my wildest dreams. I believe I was the heaviest President on record. Some people seem to think I don't like references made to my size. That's nonsense. It is a joke with me. I like it. I'm never upset by chaff. Why, when I went aboard ship to come across, the passengers when they saw me coming up the gangway, pretended to be scared, and one pretty wit amongst them yelled: "It's Big Bill Taft! We'll sure capsize! Man the life-boat! Women and children first—after the liquor, anyway!" I pacified them right then. I soothed them straight away. I told them I'd lost six stone in weight, and promised to sit in the middle of the ship so as not to give her a list to port or starboard. And now I feel just like I've come home . . . What about Prohibition? Now, I'm not going to talk about that. It's a dry subject.

I like your little old England, and you English people. We all come more or less from the same stock, you see; and I say it will be a disgrace to our intelligence if there should ever be a dust-up between the British lion and the American eagle.

(*Sings*):

It would, I reckon, be absurd,
Amid the world's unrest,
For British cat and Yankee bird
To try out which is best;
For *neither* would admit defeat,
And, 'cause we're both well-hated,
Our foes would smile to see us each
By each annihilated!
Then let the Briton and the Yank
In peace live side by side,
So that "Old Glory" and the
"Jack"
May still float far and wide!

THE MAN WHO WAS

Here is a letter from "Humanist's" post-bag. It is presented so that this poor brave fellow cannot be identified. For this purpose we christen him "Nemo." He is an ex-officer of the Air Force, "broken in war."

I AM 26, have no home or people, and am a war crock, having lost my leg and an eye, and half my other foot. My only leg is very burnt, my wrist is broken, my jaw also, and a rib has been placed in my right cheek to fill the cavity caused by the splintered bones there.

A great and overlooked fact is that a severely injured man has his injuries for ever. He alone realises them, in the permanent degree, and what they mean in stopping his participation in various things.

The effect on a sensitive nature is colossal, and many suicides of such cases are not "temporary insanities" at all, of course.

I was well educated, am a great optimist, sportsman, am musical, and a little conversant with most things, as I hold one must otherwise be dull company. The irony of it is that being used, by one's upbringing, to a certain mode of living, it is very terrible to have to "exist"—no other word is applicable—as one must who is placed as I am now.

Barging about, with no friends, and no one who cares the proverbial Damn about you, is conducive to the usual degradation, which seems the prelude to suicide.

Just before the war—I joined in 1914—I, like most young fellows, made an ass of myself. Bad company was the cause, as is usual with the young and uninitiated, and my relatives took a very strong view, with the result that I never again went home, nor saw my own mother and father again.

Since I have come out of the Service, what with my injuries and having no friends and nothing to do, I have lapsed into the state of "not caring," for nothing seems to matter. This is not without a terrific fight to try and get some one to start me, and to make life worth while.

My pension is only £121 p.a., or just over 46s. 8d. a week, and as I am paying off debts I am in a very low state of health through lack of sufficient food and inability often to afford sleeping accommodation.

The Army people left me for 15 months—having lost my papers—without pay or pension, and in that endless period I had to live, and I am paying off now old debts in consequence.

My borrowings total about £75-£100. I have tried to sell part of my pension, but it is such a lengthy proceeding, and it seems a pity to sacrifice my "blood-money" for ever, when all the time, if I only knew where, there are so many kind people who would just love the chance of helping me—not as a gift—but as a loan to be repaid when I get going again.

After all, there is "so much good in the worst of us," and I am quite certain that no one wishes to do wrong. I would willingly have had more injuries if by so doing I could obliterate making a fool of myself, for the consequence is known only to me. No one can, in the least degree, realise the anguish and remorse of being alone—perhaps being injured accentuates it.

Now, often from my weekly pittance of 46s. 8d. I pay £2 or 42s. away—not to any moneylenders, I have no dealings with them—and "exist" on a few shillings for the week. A bed costs 1s. at least, shaving 4d., an occasional stamp for a letter of appeal to someone (who never answers), and naturally I am unable to get through. It is all so horrid, so repugnant, for pauperism, borrowing, etc., is like a nightmare—I prefer to go without. Often I see the night through wandering about—though my injuries do not let me wander far—usually on the Embankment, watching what someone so aptly described as the River of "Liquid History," and all the time praying to be put right, so that I can forge ahead. I was not permitted by that wonderful Providence to come through such a smashing-up to die in obscurity, or to go into eternity *via* the Thames. Oh, no! One is brought through for some purpose, and I am going to hang on, although it has often in the despair of hunger and want of rest and the knowledge of being shabby been a case of touch and go.

Very often for three and four days my diet has been just water. Then in my wanderings I pass through select thoroughfares where the smell of luxurious dinners is wafted up to one, where people live in eternal luxury, generally having their idea of a "good time." It is this gross *vis-a-vis* which tends to cultivate the Bolshy spirit, though never in me. Only last Friday I was quite near the Royal car as it went to a charity show at Daly's, and I was thrilled, and felt—well, it was worth getting smashed for!

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 98, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

L. S. (Sheatley), 5s. "Whitsun," 5s.; S. M. S. (Linlithgow), 5s.; A. W. (Glasgow), 5s.; H. W. D. (Chester), 3s.; "Coon," 2s. 6d.; W. M. T. (N.W.), 2s. 6d.; D. H. P. (Hants), 5s. 6d.; G. B. (Arrochar), 5s.; "Admirer" (Nottingham), 2s.; Miss A. N. (Folkestone), 1s.; E. S., 1s. 6d.; "A Friend," 1s.; G. C. (Stratford), 1s.; Mrs. A. D. (Aberdeen), 1s.; W. R. P. (Tooting), 1s.; M. E. C., 1s.; "Disabled," 1s.; D. C. 1s.; Mrs. F. M. F. (Cawthorne), 1s.; B. T., 1s.; C. S. (Berkhamsted), 3s. 6d.; I. P. (Streatham), 6d.; H. E. M. (Devon), 6d.; F. P. (Manchester), 6d.; Anon., 6d.; T. M. (Cornwall), 6d.; "Minnine" (Haslemere), 6d.; "Studens," 6d.; D. M. C., 6d.; P. K. (Withernsea), 2s. 6d.; "Freddy," 2s. 6d. W. I. (Berwick-on-Tweed), 2s.; H. G. (Canada) 1 dollar; W. O. 1s.; "Inasmuch," 6d.; G. S. N., 10s.; "Scotland," 10s.; K. G. B. (Biggar), 5s.; L. S. (Nottingham), 2s. 6d. and parcel; J. P. D. (Liverpool), 2s. 7d.; E. A. P. (Lowestoft), 2s. 6d.; "In Memory of Maggie," 2s. 6d.; "Mite," (Sandy), 1s.; H. P. M. (Torquay), 4s.; Mrs. G. (Brixton), parcel; "K," parcel.

NO working expenses are deducted from subscriptions to this fund, all outgoings being gladly provided by us. Every penny we receive is devoted to the purpose for which it is sent, and is distributed under the supervision of an honorary Committee. Help us to help those in distress.

Turf Notes & Selections

A BUSY WEEK'S RACING.

THE next race meeting that will make a strong appeal to the public is that at Sandown Park in the middle of July, at which the Eclipse Stakes is decided. This ten-thousand pound event is, by the way, the race for which Tamar is being reserved, and it looks as if Lord Astor will set up a record by supplying the winner for the fourth consecutive year.

Mention of Sandown Park reminds me that we might have witnessed a meeting of Captain Cuttle and Pogrom—the Derby and Oaks winners—at the meeting held last week. Both were engaged in the Sandringham Foal Stakes, but there was never any intention of running Captain Cuttle in this event, though it was well worth winning. The gallant "Captain" will, however, fulfil an engagement at Goodwood—all going well in the meantime—after which he will be got into trim for the St. Leger, which he is expected to win.

It is not often that a brilliant two-year-old turns out such a disappointment in his later seasons as has Leighton—a sketch of whose trainer, H. L. Cottrill, appears on this page. He was unbeaten as a juvenile, but has won nothing since, and his constant failures have been very expensive to his legion of persistent followers. He had to put up with another "second" at Newbury last week, but his turn seems bound to come. It is to be doubted, however, whether his efforts on ground quite unsuitable to him will make him more keen on racing; and if Mr. Whitney were to indulge the colt with a rest until the autumn, Leighton might reproduce the running that almost carried him to victory in the Cambridgeshire. He is, by the way, already a tip for that race.

What are nominally the least important fixtures at certain centres are frequently among the most pleasant of the season in reality, an observation that applies to the July meetings "Behind the Ditch" at Newmarket. The first of these opened yesterday (Tuesday), and will be continued during the next three afternoons.

THE AMAZING TIC-TAC

ONE AND ALL THE READERS SAY, IT JUST GIVES WINNERS EVERY DAY.

ONE READER SAYS: "I did very well over the Hunt Cup as you have consistently mentioned VARZY (won 20 to 1) as a COMING WINNER and a £5 Double with FRED POWER and VARZY puts me quite the right side of things." This unsolicited testimonial has been sent to our agents (Messrs. Alfred Bates & Co., Ltd., London), and we HAVE MANY MORE!

THIRTY GOOD WINNERS IN FOUR ISSUES!

HOW PERSPICACITY PAYS.

In the last four issues of the TIC-TAC no fewer than Thirty Winners have been given on the front page under the heading of "COMING WINNERS." This is a record that only the TIC-TAC itself has ever equalled and has never been equalled by any other racing "special" in the world. These Thirty Winners are reproduced below.—NOTE THE PRICES!

MONEY FOR BRAINS.

Thousands of TIC-TAC subscribers never miss a single issue. They find in the pages of the TIC-TAC all the winners they want, and, utilising their natural sagacity, exchange screams for Treasury Notes every week. EVERYBODY CAN DO THE SAME!

SECRET AND CONFIDENTIAL.

These thousands of intelligent subscribers display their mental capacity to "read between the lines." From our earliest issues their keen perception noted it that the information on the front page of the TIC-TAC comes to us originally as secret and confidential. WE CANNOT ALWAYS TELL ALL WE KNOW.

ORDER A SERIES FOR SAFETY.

With an unbroken series of The TIC-TAC in your possession you need not fear speculating on Newmarket or any other meetings. We offer you WINNING INFORMATION FOR THEM ALL! And the Season is now sufficiently far advanced for us to guarantee The TIC-TAC to furnish you with long-priced Winners every week. Thus, it is to your own interests to follow the thousands who never miss a single issue. If you order a series now and preserve them for careful reference, The TIC-TAC will win you—ALL THE MONEY YOU CARE TO WIN! But—DON'T MISS A COPY AND DON'T BE STALLED OFF THE TIC-TAC'S INFORMATION! The hall-mark of truth is proof. Here is the proof that it IS INFORMATION:—

FROM "COMING WINNERS" LAST FOUR ISSUES.

COLEBY	won 3 to 1	S. AND M.	won 9 to 4
GWENLLIAN	" 2 to 1	CHARLES SURFACE	" 6 to 1
ZOOMP	" 10 to 11	AIR BALLOON	" 6 to 4
SCRUMPTIOUS	" 11 to 10	GOLD WILLOW	" 5 to 4
WITTY	" 7 to 2	ABBOT OF JERVAULX	" 5 to 2
GOTHA	" 2 to 1	CATALANI	" 7 to 4
ROMAN FIDDLE	" 7 to 1	WELSH SPEAR	" 5 to 1
DUNCAN GRAY	" 3 to 1	MORNING LIGHT	" 10 to 1
VARZY	" 20 to 1	GAMMADION	" 2 to 1
GLORIOSO	" 11 to 10	ARDAVON	" 10 to 1
DOUBLE HACKLE	" 4 to 1	SOUTHERN FLIGHT	" 6 to 5
STOCKWOOD	" 9 to 4	POGROM	" 2 to 1
VILLARS	" 11 to 4	FRED POWER	" 7 to 1
THE WINTER KING	" 11 to 10	DRY TOAST	" 11 to 4
TWO STEP	" 4 to 7	TOWN GUARD	" 3 to 1

3 BIG SPECIAL JOBS IN NEXT ISSUE WORTH A SEASON'S SUBSCRIPTION 3

POST ONE SHILLING AND STAMPED ADDRESS NOW,

or become a regular subscriber by sending 10s. for 12 issues or 20s. to end of Season. All who send for 12 or more issues will receive

A FREE JOB MESSAGE

for the week-end. These Job Messages are LATE INFORMATION that cannot be included in the TIC-TAC. Daily Wires, 2s. each; 6 for 10s. Daily overnight letters giving latest news as to runners and jockeys and horses to back and what to leave alone. 1s. and stamped address each or 12 for 10s., post paid. Only address:—

THE TIC-TAC (Dept. B), MYTON CHAMBERS, HULL

SPORT and

Conducted by MORLEY BROWN

CRUBENMORE'S CHANCE.

The most historic event of First July Week is the July Stakes, which was decided yesterday. It is one of the oldest events in the calendar, having been established so long ago as 1786. This afternoon the principal item is the Duke of Cambridge Handicap, in which a number of Royal Hunt Cup horses—including the winner, Varzy—can compete. Varzy naturally has the worst of the weights with some of the others. On the Ascot running Crubenmore has an excellent chance, though Invergarry, with a stronger jockey on her back, should do better than in her last race. Other noteworthy events of the meeting are the Girton Handicap and the Princess of Wales' Stakes, which may be respectively won by REDESDALE and THE WINTER KING.

Back it Each Way
GRANDCOURT
Next Time Out.

SELECTIONS FOR THE WEEK.

In addition to the meeting at Newmarket we have racing at Carlisle, Worcester, and Alexandra Park during the present week. At the North London venue the attraction is the London Cup, in which several good-class handicappers are engaged. These include last year's winner, Grandcourt, who has to carry but a pound more than when he easily defeated Dervish and several others last July. I shall anticipate another creditable performance on the part of GRANDCOURT. Selections for the week are as follows:—

NEWMARKET: Wednesday.—King of Clubs, Pagoda, Crubenmore, Contact, Bhaidhaonach.

NEWMARKET: Thursday.—Samshot f., Clarendon, Vencedor, Tinspear, Redesdale, The Winter King.

NEWMARKET: Friday.—Krake, Brinklow, Coventry, Devizes, Drake, Ulysses.

CARLISLE: Wednesday.—Vivian, Jazz Band, Home Star, Chopstick.

CARLISLE: Thursday.—Sherryvore, Battle of the Boyne, Antranik, Sober I, Hidden Gun.

WORCESTER: Thursday.—Merville, Boreas, Victory Speech, Speculator.

WORCESTER: Friday.—Ctesiphon, Capstan, Faemund, Coriopsis, Annam.

ALEXANDRA PARK: Saturday.—Grandcourt, Miss Majority, Regulator, Greenmount, Spes, Houdale, Zareba.

FOLLOW PENALISED HORSES!

Penalised animals are having quite a run of success in important handicaps. Double Hackle is the most noteworthy case in point, as he won both the Ascot Stakes and the Northumberland Plate after incurring substantial "extras." Proconsul, the recent winner of the Woldingham Stakes, also carried a bit more than the handicapper had allotted originally, while at Newbury, last week, we saw Lady Juror defy a 12 lb. penalty in the Empire Stakes. The obvious moral appears to be to follow horses with penalties while their star remains in the ascendant. The difficulty, of course, is to know when the star is likely to fall!

MELTON.

A CUT-THROAT POLICY.

It looks very much as if the county cricket championship this year will go to one county not so much on its merits as because the rest have been busy cutting each other's throats. Lancashire beat Middlesex and Notts; Yorkshire beat Lancashire and Middlesex; Notts beat Yorkshire; Middlesex beat Lancashire. It is a pretty tangle; what is one to make of it? But it will probably have this advantage: we shall not get the controversy at the end that we did two seasons ago, when Surrey's collapse gave Middlesex the honours which seemed safely in Lancashire's hands.

YORKSHIRE'S STUMPER.

Arthur Dolphin, whose benefit match was played at Lord's this week, has not been fortunate in his generation, for Strudwick stood in his way so long when it came to honours outside his county. Yet Dolphin has done so well for Yorkshire that they have never had to look for a better wicket-keeper since he took the place of David Hunter in 1909. It seems a long while ago now but it wasn't many years before that Dolphin was playing in knickerbockers for Clayton, a Bradford League club. He graduated in a rough school, and he is none the worse for that.

A. DOLPHIN.

FIRST-PAIR RECORD.

Holmes and Sutcliffe have been associated as Yorkshire's first-wicket pair since the middle of 1919, but they have already beaten the record of twelve centuries set up by Louis Hall and George Ulyett. Brown and Tunnicliffe never succeeded in disturbing those figures, although they are certainly Yorkshire's most famous pair. It was at Chesterfield in 1898 that "Long John" and Brown set up the amazing score of 554 for the first wicket.

TEST TRIAL GAMES.

The value of international trial matches in football has always been open to question, but cricket is a different matter, and the M.C.C. decision to hold North and South matches next year is commendable—though it might just as well have been taken twelve months earlier. Even if the games do not present us with a real test of merit—because weather and general conditions will be everything—the public will welcome them as a refreshing change from the everlasting round of county matches.

THE CASE OF DIPPER.

A footballer used to the play of his colleagues usually shines best in his accustomed company. A cricketer may very well be dead and buried in his own environment. So many of our modern batsmen are weighted with too great a responsibility in these county matches; if they fail the others will be rabbits, and the knowledge is heart-breaking. That is why I am glad at the success this season of Dipper, of Gloucester.

£250 Death Claim paid this week.

SPORTSMEN

Editor of "The Sporting Life"

CHARM OF WIMBLEDON.

Wimbledon—it is not easy to refer to it by any other name, though geographically it is incorrect—is a delight to the eye and a source of constant pleasure to the student of human nature. Watch the imperturbable Cochet, and you will forget he is a Frenchman; see the Rumanian Mishu, and you will note the whole gamut of human feelings fleet across his expressive face; Shimidzu, the smiling Jap, will not be there, but we shall have the sunny Irishman, Cecil Campbell; the polished Spaniard, Manuel Alonso; the hurricane Australian, J. O. Anderson, and his determined countryman, Gerald Patterson. A cosmopolitan blend of personalities and styles drawn to one little corner of our country that is so typical of peaceful England.

WIMBLEDON'S "BIG THREE."

The draw for the Wimbledon championships came out better in the case of the ladies than the men. The draw is made in quarters, and the winners of each quarter constitute the semi-finalists. It so happens that the third quarter contains the names of B. I. C. Norton, J. O. Anderson, and H. Cochet, and the winner of this section should be the ultimate winner of the championship. But he will first have to get over the victor of the section which includes G. L. Patterson, A. H. Gobert, and A. R. F. Kingscote. As Gobert is essentially a hard courts man, I imagine it will be Patterson who will emerge. Thus Norton or Anderson and Patterson should be the finalists.

MRS. MALLORY'S OPPORTUNITY.

As to the ladies, it is unfortunate that two of the following three: Miss McKane, Miss Ryan and Mlle. Lengien, will have to be eliminated before the final is reached. They are all in the same quarter. If the French lady's health permits her to go beyond the first round, she will meet Miss McKane in the second. Here is a feast for the gods. If Miss McKane succumbs, I cannot see Miss Ryan succeeding where she has failed. Whatever happens, Mrs. Mallory—unless something extraordinary occurs—should be the winner of her own half section; so it may happen after all that she and Mlle. Lengien will fight out the final.

Miss McKane.

COOK AND SOLDIER JONES.

It is high time that the Australian boxing camp in this country produced a winner in a big contest. George Cook, Albert Lloyd, and Frankie Burns have all been boosted to the skies, but none has yet set the Thames on fire. Mr. Charlie Lucas will have to moderate his contributions, written and verbal, to the Press. If Cook beats Soldier Jones at the Holland Park Hall on July 10, I shall be pleased to withdraw all I have said. But it is a big "if." I think it will be beyond the powers of Cook to stop the smashing career of this human thunderbolt—as witness his terrific onslaughts on Lloyd and Penwill at the Ring, London, recently.

A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The A.A.A. Championships this week will provide us with a number of new title-holders. H. F. V. Edwards' leg-strain makes it unwise to suggest he will retain his sprinting honours, and H. M. Abraham and J. Imbach (the Swiss) seem to have the best chances. G. M. Butler may show his 1919 form in the quarter-mile, with C. R. Griffiths spelling danger. H. B. Stallard and P. Nurmi take the eye in the mile; and W. M. Cotterill and Nurmi in the four miles. C. A. Rae, the northern champion, should do well in the steeplechase, and the Italian, Figerio, looks the pick of the bunch of walkers. If in the field events M. C. Nokes wins the hammer, it will be about as much as we can expect.

H. M. Abraham.

THE YOUNGER SCHOOL.

The A.A.A. entry is, on the whole, supremely satisfactory, but until we have English championships I am afraid some of our younger aspirants will get little encouragement. It speaks of commendable pluck to enter, but what chance have many of them against the pick of the world's best? And there is nothing for them but a bad beating here or the poor satisfaction—in comparison—of a win in the Midlands or the North. An English close championship would give them something to strive for and enable us to send our best to the "Three A's."

HUTCHISON'S TRIBUTE.

What a rare tribute was that paid by "Jock" Hutchison to Joe Kirkwood at a little private luncheon the day before the golf championship proper started. "Kirkwood," said "Jock," is "the greatest golfer the world has seen"—a sweeping assertion which we think Hutchison sincerely believes. And the presence of these two raised a very pretty problem of birth, more easily solved in the case of the 1921 champion than that of Kirkwood. Hutchison was born in Scotland and went to America in his early youth. Kirkwood's parents were Scots, who migrated to Australia 35 years ago, before young Joe was born.

INTERNATIONAL DIFFICULTY.

Now so many brilliant golfers come from Scotland that a few could be spared for the rest of the world without hurt. But enthusiastic Scots claim Kirkwood because of his parentage; Kirkwood prefers to call himself an Australian—the Commonwealth is quite prepared to fight for him. An international matter indeed! One cannot answer it with the scornful reply of the Scottish baker whose three children were born in Devon. "Man," he said, "if that cat had kittens in my oven would they be bread?"

J. H. Kirkwood.

£250 Death Claim paid this week.

Sport Personalities

X.—B. I. C. NORTON.

WITH W. T. Tilden out of the reckoning in this year's championship, at Wimbledon, the holder of the title will be the winner of the All Comers' Singles. Last year, B. I. C. Norton, the South African, was the successful player, and he stands as good a chance as any of repeating the performance at the new Wimbledon this year. His most dangerous rivals appear to be G. L. Patterson, J. O. Anderson, M. Alonso, and H. Cochet. All five mentioned are from Overseas.

Now Brian Ivan Cobham Norton is a representative of the younger school, and a remarkable representative, too. Had it been otherwise, he might have been world's singles champion last year. For an older man would not have been disturbed and upset by the comments of an ignorant section of the crowd—directed entirely against Tilden—as was Norton.

A man in whom the chivalrous vision of youth had been blurred by the cynicism that comes stealthily with years would have accepted his chances with both hands—and damned his conscience and the consequences. But Norton remembered Tilden's temporary physical handicap and made him a free gift of the miracle which alone could have saved the American from disaster.

Twice Norton was within a stroke of the championship; twice he didn't make that stroke. He has a very rigid code of right and wrong, has Norton, and all the diamonds of Kimberley would not deflect him from it by a hair's breadth.

His rise to fame has been meteoric but fully earned. He did not begin to play the game until the year of the outbreak of the Great War; and some of the intervening years were taken up—as were those of his distinguished compatriot in war and peace, Louis Raymond—in deeds of daring in the South African Flying Corps. He was not quite 22 when he set the world talking at Wimbledon last year; he was then South African singles and doubles champion; he had been to the Antwerp games, and he had won singles tournaments at many English centres. This year he is playing better than ever.

NOMAD.

A Winner at SALISBURY

THE BIBURY CUP

Next WEDNESDAY.

Let us tell YOU This Winner FREE

This animal is pointed out by the great SUPER-SYSTEM OF WINNER-FINDING, and in our opinion is practically

CERTAIN TO WIN

With this selection, we shall send full particulars of our Great System containing some STARTLING INFORMATION worth £20 to any sportsman.

SEND NO MONEY.—We will guide you to the road to success FREE, and only ask you to SEND STAMPED ADDRESS.

SUPER-SYSTEM (Box J.B.)
83, Walkergate, Beverley

"ORTYX" "ORTYX"

THE ONE-HORSE CERTAINTY SPECIALIST

'INDAL' Won 100/30 'INDAL' Won 100/30
'INDAL' Won 100/30 'INDAL' Won 100/30
'WOLF'S CREEK' Won 4/1
'WOLF'S CREEK' Won 4/1
'WOLF'S CREEK' Won 4/1
'WOLF'S CREEK' Won 4/1

NOTHING ELSE MENTIONED THIS WEEK TWO SELECTIONS ONLY. BOTH WINNERS

ORTYX.—Only Two Selections advised last week, both rolling home—viz., 'INDAL' and 'WOLF'S CREEK'. 'WOLF'S CREEK, although ignored by the usual sporting prophets, was returned at an unexpected poor price of 4 to 1. The animal, however, won in a canter, beating a big field of runners. Which proves that "ORTYX" gets the goods.

A 10/1 CHANCE RUNS AT NOTTINGHAM NEXT TUESDAY.

ORTYX never advertises for the mere sake of doing so, but only when information warrants his doing same, and furthermore, studying the interests of his clients. ORTYX believes in the old motto of waiting for a good thing to bet on, which is essential at racing if one wishes to be successful. Don't be in a hurry to bet—don't play the foolish game of investing every day.

A GREAT COUP RUNS NEXT TUESDAY THAT WILL COME HOME ALONE.

ORTYX is confident that this WILL WIN IN A COMMON CANTER, and will prove another sensation by rolling home at odds not less than 8 to 1 or 10 to 1 against. No danger whatever is entertained so.

YOU CAN WIN AS MUCH MONEY AS YOU LIKE OVER IT.

Do as ORTYX says, and GO FOR the GREATEST WIN of YOUR CAREER.

REMIT TEN SHILLINGS ONLY FOR THIS "PEA,"

and remember that ORTYX is supplying you with information that you could not obtain elsewhere if you paid £100 for it.

Never mind if your luck is out, ORTYX will put you right if you will only take his advice here, and back this horse for all you can spare and FEAR NOTHING.

What ORTYX knows respecting this Coup should prove worth a £50 Note to any substantial backer, and cannot be beaten. Next Tuesday will prove the greatest Winning Day of the Season. So reply early and help yourself.

Address: ORTYX (Dept. S), 3, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Telegrams: ORTYCUS, LONDON.

TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)

SIX years ago to-day the British citizen armies took up for the first time the burden of the main offensive on the Western Front. It was a time of high hopes, which for many long and anxious months remained unrealised; but after nearly three years of effort, in the end courage, perseverance and faith, animated and directed by mutual confidence and loyal co-operation between all ranks, had their reward.

SINCE the date when the hopes of our Armies were realised in victory, another three years and more have passed; but the promise the Armistice brought us of happy years of peace and prosperity at home has somehow halted on the road.

MEN who fought and suffered side by side in the soul-searching comradeship of war have ranged themselves against ach other on the industrial battlefield. Surely there is our mistake. The bloodless victories of international industrial competition need mutual confidence and co-operation on the part of leaders and led, a sense of discipline and responsibility among all ranks, fully as much as does success in war.

EX-SERVICEMEN have learnt in a hard school the value of the spirit of give and take in reconciling the divergent private interests of men who are partners in a common enterprise. If officers, non-commissioned officers and men in the industrial army of the nation can apply that spirit to the peace-time problems of the day, if employers and employed can get together and work together loyally in the common interest as all ranks did in France, it is yet within our power as a nation to realise the full hopes and promises in the faith of which so many of our friends and comrades died.

Haig. F.M.

Guardians' Parsimony:—Can anyone think well of a Board of Guardians who hope to recoup themselves for the out relief given to an ex-Service man by insisting on its repayment from Naval prize money? They apparently have forgotten that the bounty has been awarded because the recipient did his duty with such courage and daring as to permit Guardians to function. By acting as they have done, the Board have been guilty of niggardly economy.

The Legion as Evangelists:—Who for a moment would imagine that this very unhappy episode happened in the usually patriotic Plymouth, and that the Guardians even wanted to taint the man and his wife and his children with the workhouse atmosphere? Naturally this proposal was indignantly refused. One of their other suggestions was to separate the man from his family; he to go to the workhouse, and the wife and kiddies to be maintained outside. We are taking the case up, and hope to convert the Guardians to a better frame of mind.

A Case from Canada:—A woman now living in Canada wanted an increase of the pension of £25 granted in respect of her brother and son killed in action. She was in such dire straits that the Imperial War Veterans of Canada arranged a concert on her behalf, and generally helped her along until the Legion could get the authorities in London to move. When we made our proposals the Ministry acquiesced, and the unfortunate woman now gets a pension equal to £48 a year, the increase being antedated two years.

Pension Stopped Twice:—A Brixton woman has had her dependancy pension stopped twice, and renewed twice—first when she went to Australia, and then when she came back to England, eighteen months later. When she got to London she had to wait three months before it was re-issued, and when she laid her case before us we cheered her with the information that the pension would be increased by an additional 15s. weekly, and that the increase would date back for some months.

Renewed at the Old Rate:—Arthritis was the complaint of a Woolwich man who, after he had been assessed at 40 per cent. for three years, was told by the authorities that the aggravation had passed away. His pension, his only source of income, accordingly lapsed. His representations to the Ministry were cast on one side. We took up his claim, advocated his case before the Appeal Tribunal, and got his pension renewed. This is only one of many similar successes.

Turning Down a Widow:—For eight months the Ministry had the claim of a Norwich widow under consideration. Then they coolly turned her down. Her position became one of acute distress, but we helped her in her trouble and conducted her case before the Appeal Tribunal. For the rest of her life she will get 26s. 8d. a week. Without our organisation she would have been penniless.

Steeplejacks' Success:—The Legion is an important factor in the creation of employment, and various schemes in different parts of the country have been sanctioned. A steeplejack company has been formed in Yorkshire, and since a loan was made by us to purchase ladders, ropes, chains, etc., good progress has been made by the undertaking. Constant work has been found in the repairing of some of the hundred and eighty mill-stacks in the town.

Developing Small Businesses:—The Small Loans Section of the Unity Relief Department does a tremendous lot of good in a very quiet way. Here are some examples: To provide stock for a hairdresser and tobacconist; to establish a hairdressing saloon; to buy a barrow, lawn mower, and other tools for a jobbing gardener; to purchase equipment for a baker; to increase the stock of a watch and clock repairer; to set up refreshment canteens in lawn tennis clubs; to organise a motor and cycle business; and to provide help in many other directions.

On his Feet Again:—Then, too, a few months ago a London man was assisted in his electrical repair business by help from the Small Loans Section. He built up a flourishing business, and his schemes are developing on a very large scale. With gratitude to the Legion for putting him on his feet, he is rapidly repaying the loan, which will go to an equally deserving case.

Lost His Memory:—Impaired in health by his war service and post-war worries, a Shropshire man lost his memory, and was found very ill and wandering aimlessly about London. In the meantime his wife and five children, including a baby three weeks old, became destitute, and would have been in an even more serious plight had the Unity Relief Fund not come to their rescue. The man was brought home and cared for by us, and when his health was more or less restored was reinstated in his former employment.

Their Greatest Friend:—An ex-Service man arrived in Dover from Belgium, friendless and without means. We helped him. From one of the leading officials of the R.A.O.B., of which he was a member, we have received a letter which reads: "It is little things of that kind that have helped to make the British Legion the ex-Service man's greatest friend." The man is now being cared for in London, and is being set on his feet again.

In Breezy Brighton:—In Brighton splendid work is being done by the Legion and its Unity Relief Department. In the course of four weeks 73 families and 36 single men have been assisted, and employment has been found for 62 men. This is an achievement of which we can feel proud.

A Pensionless Soldier:—Twelve months after demobilisation a Birmingham ex-Service man developed cancer. He had no pension, and when he passed away his family were in sore need. The Guardians gave help, and their grant was supplemented by an allowance from our Relief Department. The family urgently wanted clothing also, and this they got through our efforts.

Son and Mother Starving:—When we got to hear of the plight of a young man and his widowed mother, both were on the verge of starvation. The man had been told he was not entitled to the unemployment dole. We thought otherwise, and our representations were successful. Thanks to our efforts, the mother and her son are being well looked after. The young man has also been found a job and is doing well.

Work for the Workless:—Two typical cases from Leicestershire illustrate the splendid work of the Unity Relief Committee. A man with a wife and five children had been out of work for fourteen weeks, and his self-respect would not allow him to apply to the Guardians. Another ex-soldier served throughout the war, but since demobilisation his luck has been out. He was unemployed for six months. Both cases have been helped, the men, whose credentials were of the best, being found decent jobs.

Our Daily "Thank You":—"You can have no idea," writes a Liverpool widow, "what a godsend your help has been to me. Had I not had the Legion to back me up, I would have lost my case. Thanks to you, however, I can now keep my head above water, and can give my three children the education their father would have liked them to have. The Legion is a great organisation, and I cannot say enough in thankfulness for its wonderful help."

£250 DEATH CLAIM PAID THIS WEEK

Common Dangers in the Home

ARE YOU INSURED?

JOHN BULL has this week paid Mrs. K. C. Coley, of 72, Clifford Street, Lozells, Birmingham, the sum of £250 in respect of death claim on behalf of her husband who met with accidental death in the home.

Here once again we would point out the necessity for all readers of JOHN BULL to cover themselves in case of accident or fire in the home. No one is immune from the hundred and one accidents that are likely to happen, serious or otherwise. Who has not tripped over some object in the dark, missed his footing on the stair or overbalanced when attempting some ordinary little task in the home? Who again does not know the fearful consequences that may follow a lighted cigarette carelessly thrown down, or the dangers attending a stray spark from the fire?

These are no imaginary dangers, but dangers met with in the homes of JOHN BULL readers every week. In some cases they happen to readers who have been far-sighted enough to protect themselves and their homes with JOHN BULL'S Free Home Insurance. Others have put off doing so and have regretted it ever after. These are the people who always imagine that disaster always happens in other people's homes, and to anyone but themselves.

Remember that the accident benefits to which you may be entitled under the JOHN BULL scheme will be paid in addition to any you may receive if you are already registered with your daily paper.

JOHN BULL gives you additional security and extra benefits, and it costs you but twopence per week compared with the sixpence per week you pay for your daily paper.

JOHN'S BULL'S Greatest Free Home Insurance in the World is very far-reaching in its benefits. Not only does it pay £250 for loss of life occuring in the home or garden, but it also pays up to £6 per week for accidents, minor or otherwise. Whether you cut your finger or lose a limb, JOHN BULL'S all-embracing policy protects you. In case of Fire, it covers you up to £300.

Every week accidents and fires are taking a greater toll in the homes of registered readers of JOHN BULL. This week the list numbers 67.

Look upon the JOHN BULL Free Home Insurance as a little nest egg in the Bank to be drawn on when that "rainy day" comes along. Play for safety. Make up your mind now, once and for all, to protect yourself in case misfortune should some day overtake you or those around you. You can do this through the simple expedient of signing the forms on Page 26. Why not do it now? To-morrow may be the day you will regret not having done so.

BETTER THAN BISLEY

BISLEY comes only once a year, and though it provides an immense prize-list for good shooting, its attractions are not to be compared with our "Bullets" Competition, which goes on all the year round, and offers an aggregate amount of prize-money greater than any other competition.

Mental marksmen are this week again offered a first prize of £1,000, not to mention thousands of smaller prizes, for a "Bullet" of four words that hits the mark.

You can engage in this fascinating pastime in the home, in train or tram, or sitting on the sands at the seaside.

All the equipment you require is brains.

A witty "Bullet" may secure you a home, a honeymoon or a holiday, or a hundred and one things on which you may have set your heart.

Enter this great contest of mental marksmanship to-day!

"Black Cat"

PURE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6D. with FREE COUPONS exchangeable for Useful Gifts 20 for 1/-

That sheer solid value will always win its way with the British public is exemplified by the ever-growing sales of "Black Cat" Cigarettes. Not only does this old-established brand retain its old friends year in and year out, but also it gains new adherents every day that passes.

Q.—What is the secret of this wonderful and continuous success?

A.—The Black Cat has nailed to its mast a challenge to all comers—BETTER VALUE—and stands four-square to the keen gale of competition firm as a rock, ...trusting thousands of fresh followers to its standard.

Q.—How is it possible to sell EXTRA LARGE cigarettes, containing only Finest Matured Pure Virginia Tobacco, at 6d. for 10, and also to enclose FREE COUPONS EXCHANGEABLE FOR ACCEPTABLE GIFTS?

A.—The Black Cat produces its brand on the Baron British Empire Cigarette Machines, the most efficient in the world, a wonderful invention which slightly reduces the making cost. Though not enough to permit of any price reduction, this saving is sufficient to make possible Highest Quality Tobacco, Extra Large Cigarettes, and, in addition, delightful Gifts.

A WEEK'S TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT FOR QUALITY AND VALUE THE BLACK CAT STANDS SUPREME

Once taste the superiority of "Black Cat" Cigarettes over other brands at the same popular price, when you will find that *no other kind will do!* At the same time SAVE YOUR COUPONS, and share in the Great Free Gifts Distribution.

FIRST FIVE COUPONS FREE

together with an Illustrated Book of Gifts (showing scores to choose from) on application to

Have you had your Gift?

"BLACK CAT" CIGARETTES

(Dept. S), ARCADIA WORKS, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

N.B.—Coupons are enclosed in all packets that are printed "Coupon Enclosed." All Front Panels not printed "Coupon Enclosed" are equally available.

The BLACK CAT'S MOTTO: "Truth in Advertising—Honesty in Manufacture."

FITNESS

is the reward of physical common sense, which, interpreted, means:—

Rational living; moderation in the matters of food and drink, adequate sleep, reasonable recreation and bodily exercise, much *fresh air*, and timely resource to some reliable corrective whenever Nature indicates the need.

Andrews' Liver Salt is the largest-sale-Saline

It has been helping healthy families to *keep healthy* for nearly 30 years. Get the genuine Andrews' from your Chemist, Grocer or Stores.

4 oz. Size 10d. | 8 oz. Size 1/5

A PRINCE TO GRACE YOUR HOME

A Guinea Picture for 7/6

Bring the Prince into your home. Let his portrait remind you that his Tour was made in your interests. No British home should be without this picture of our popular Prince.

This is one of the latest photographs of H. R. H., by Vandyk, the Court Photographers—a favourite approved for reproduction to commemorate the Prince's historic India-Far-East journey and his wonderful WELCOME HOME.

The picture is a characteristic setting of a model English gentleman—suggestive of the Prince's nearness to every English family. Reproduced in the beautiful photogravure process—a soft quiet tone brown on superfine art plate paper, size 30in. x 22in., picture 20in. x 16in.

Get One for Your Home

Send your order To-day enclosing P.O. for 7s. 6d. to:—

THE BRITANNIA PUBLISHING CO.
(Dept. E.), 87, Great Eastern St., London, E.C.2

DANDIE

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

The *Financial Mail*.

I AM constantly hearing from readers who have had unsatisfactory dealings, on the advice of the *Financial Mail*, with its allied concern the Financial Mart and Exchange. This week I have four complaints from correspondents who cannot obtain money owing to them, and doubtless there are others.

Near the Wind.

The *Financial Outlook*, of 119, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.2, probably lives for its Investment Department, but that branch is behind the times. In March last, it sold to one of my readers 50 Var Oil and Coal shares and acknowledged the receipt of the money. Early in May, being asked for the delivery of the shares, it wrote that the seller had been "travelling on the Continent," and suggesting that the substantial profit then shown might be turned into cash by investing it in Lomah Rhodesia Explorations. The price of Var Oil shares had gone up—which, I imagine, was hardly what the *Financial Outlook* had expected.

Cough Drinks for Horses.

Messrs. F. White & Co., 32, Gresham Street, E.C.2, are trying to sell shares in Thoracicose, Ltd., a little affair emanating from Newmarket, and owning a remedy for equine throat troubles. The capital is £7,000 in £1 shares. Messrs. White have a lump in their own throat, and perhaps their tongue in their cheek—which is colossal—as they plead for the money on behalf of suffering hippocracy. The acid test is, as I have said before—"If I buy these shares, how am I ever going to sell 'em?"

Two Tips.

In view of the crowded state of the London hotels, Carlton Hotel Ordinary shares at 14s. 6d. and Savoy Hotel Ordinary at 17s. 6d. seem worth attention. The former show a yield, on the basis of last year's dividends, of just over 11 per cent., and the latter of nearly 11¼ per cent. I agree that the hotel business is subject to fluctuating conditions, but these securities look temptingly cheap.

SIR SAMUEL J. WARING, BART., is another of the commercial magnates to be found in the Birthday honours list. He becomes a peer. He is identified with the great Oxford Street furnishing firm of Waring & Gillow, Ltd., whose magnificent premises are modelled on the architecture of Hampton Court Palace. The Company has not yet paid a dividend on its ordinary shares, but perhaps with its new prestige it will buck up and earn one.

Air Craft Shares.

I receive many enquiries from people interested in aircraft companies. They are anxious about their holdings, for all these concerns are in despair. If the pressure now being brought to bear upon the Government to secure Great Britain's supremacy in the air proves effective—and I think it will—there should be hope.

"Very Unique."

It seems that Reading is to displace London as the financial hub of the Universe. Thomas Naylor and Co., of that town, announce that they have some "very unique" business on hand, and naturally want to finance it, so they offer the return of subscriptions with 100 per cent. cash bonus within six months. A blind pool. My readers will keep out.

Nil Nisi Bonum.

Messrs. Graham Marsh & Co., of 56, Kingsway, W.C., are blossoming out as option dealers, their circulars inviting all and sundry to open option deals in North-Eastern Ordinary on a 5s. margin. To save more of my readers the trouble of writing to me to inquire if this firm is safe, let me say at once that E. W. Donallon, who runs it, is an ex-convict. So was W. T. Singleton, his late partner—but *de mortuis*, etc.

A Nice Drawing Account.

When fire or accident visits your home, you can always draw on JOHN BULL for compensation, provided of course you are a registered reader. 939 people have already done this. Are *you* insured in the Greatest Free Home-Insurance in the World?

BREAD AND BUTTER ECONOMICS

by SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

2.—Wealth after the War.

HAS the war made Britain richer or poorer? Strange it is that the question should be asked, but asked it is. A well-known trade union leader begs me to deal with the issue publicly, and I gladly do so. Too often I see it stated: (1) That there is plenty of wealth to share up in spite of the war, and (2) That the United Kingdom is now a richer country than in 1914.

Probably the assertion that we are richer in 1922 than in 1914 is based on the fact that the nation is now as a whole better *equipped* than before the war.

Most, but not all, of the war spending was wasted. A small percentage went to buy machinery, to build factories, to improve agriculture, to enlarge shipyards, to found new industries. Against this we must put the deterioration of mines, railways, houses, etc. The balance, I think, was on the side of gain.

Where, then, is the error of those who say that the country has grown richer? It lies in neglecting the all-important fact that *the country's oversea trade has fallen off.*

It is as though a shopkeeper rebuilt his premises and declared that he was therefore richer, although his trade fell off by one-third after the reconstruction. Thus, our engineering equipment improved tremendously in the war, but where is the trade? Europe now buys machinery from us in hundreds of tons where before the war she bought in thousands.

When we thus see the truth about the second point, the first is also clear. *What there is to share up amongst us at any time, under any system, is the current flow of goods produced or gained in exchange by trade.* That flow is diminished by the war, and it cannot be increased by any raid on stored wealth.

For what is the country's stored wealth or capital, however owned? It consists mainly of non-divisible things, of buildings, railways, undug minerals and ores, machinery and plant, water-works, gas-works, sewers, etc., of vehicles, furniture, clothes and other gear, and of a small store of unused food. The food, clothes, etc., could be taken and divided, but only to bring swift retribution in scarcity, high prices, and ruined credit. For the greater part, however, the nation's capital is not divisible at all. It could be owned by the nation as a whole, but it could not be "divided up."

If we had the misfortune to get a Government which decided to raid the poor stores we call our "wealth" (I will show how poor it is on another occasion), the result would be far worse than it has been in Russia, for Russa is largely a self-contained country which is overwhelmingly rich in native resources.

THE SARTOR

A GIGANTIC SITUATION.

Foresight alone enables us to cope with the gigantic situation created by the present flood of orders for our world famous 20/-

SARTOR RAINCOATS.

We were convinced that the summer demand for Sartors would eclipse all records and our preparations included important additions to our factory and huge Mill Orders for our celebrated Sartor Gabardine —so in spite of the tremendous daily call on our organisation every garment is despatched with unfailing promptitude.

Sartor Raincoats are tailored from superb quality Gabardine fully proofed and check lined. Light in weight and perfect in style and finish. Secure your Sartor now. Send a postcard for SARTOR FREE PATTERNS and style Book (Ladies' Gent's, Maids' and Youths), with an accurate self-measurement form.

SEND NO MONEY.

A postcard is sufficient. You buy DIRECT from our workrooms, so that there are NO MIDDLE PROFITS. WE GUARANTEE EVERY COAT. IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WE RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING Co.
(Dept. J.J. 52, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

PATTERNS FREE.

GRAVES CUTLERY

The Carriage Service delivered to all approved orders for £5 and upwards. Balance in 12 monthly payments of £5 if satisfied. Service comprises:—6 Table Knives, 6 Dessert Knives, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 2 Table Spoons, 1 Salt Spoon, 1 Mustard Spoon, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 Sugar Tongs, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Soup Ladle, 1 Gravy Spoon, 1 Sauce Ladle, 1 Pair Carvers, 1 Steel, 1 Pair Scissors, 1 Pair Grape Scissors, 1 Fish Knife, 1 Fish Fork, 1 Cheese Scoop, 1 Pair Nut Crackers, 1 Pair Pickle Forks, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Pair Salad Servers, 1 Pair Fish Servers, 1 Pair Cake Servers, 1 Pair Asparagus Tongs, 1 Pair Sugar Nips, 1 Pair Bread Fingers, 1 Pair Meat Skewers, 1 Pair Poultry Skewers, 1 Pair Game Skewers, 1 Pair Cheese Scoops, 1 Pair Jam Spoons, 1 Pair Sardine Tongs, 1 Pair Spoon and Fork of Queen's Pattern, 1 Pair Spoon and Fork of Coronation Pattern, 1 Pair Spoon and Fork of Jubilee Pattern, 1 Pair Spoon and Fork of Victoria Pattern, 1 Pair Spoon and Fork of Albert Pattern, 1 Pair Spoon and Fork of Edward Pattern, 1 Pair Spoon and Fork of George Pattern, 1 Pair Spoon and Fork of Mary Pattern, 1 Pair Spoon and Fork of Alexandra

THE SARTOR

A GIGANTIC SITUATION.

Foresight alone enables us to cope with the gigantic situation created by the present flood of orders for our world famous 20/-

SARTOR RAINCOATS.

We were convinced that the summer demand for Sartors would eclipse all records and our preparations included important additions to our factory and huge Mill Orders for our celebrated Sartor Gabardine—so in spite of the tremendous daily call on our organisation every garment is despatched with unfailing promptitude.

Sartor Raincoats are tailored from superb quality Gabardine fully proofed and check lined. Light in weight and perfect in style and finish. Escape your Sartor now. Send a postcard for SARTOR FREE PATTERNS and style Book (Ladies' Gent's, Misses' and Youths), with an accurate self-measurement form.

SEND NO MONEY.

A postcard is sufficient. You buy DIRECT from our workrooms, so that there are NO MIDDLE PROFITS. WE GUARANTEE EVERY COAT. IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WE RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING Co.
(Dept. J.) 52, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

PATTERNS FREE.

GRAVES CUTLERY

SHEFFIELD

The Quotation Service delivered to all personal orders for £5 cash value. Balance in 12 monthly payments of £5 is satisfied. Service comprises:—6 Table Knives, 6 Dessert Knives, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 6 Table Spoons, 1 Salt Spoon, 1 Mustard Spoon, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 Sugar Tongs, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Jam Spoon, Wooden or Metal Chopping Board, Steel, Cardinal Respirator, Insertion, Spoons and Forks of Guaranteed Silver which wears white for Generations. Write for Illustrated Catalogue, post free, to-day. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

WISE WEDLOCK

This new volume by Dr. C. Courtenay Beale is full of sane, sober information with an entire absence of the frivolity and unnecessary euphemism which some authors exploit when writing upon intimate matrimonial relationships. Enquiries which reach us through the articles on Birth Control, published in our 6d. monthly magazine, "Health and Efficiency," prove that there is a very urgent need for plain, straightforward answers to questions that trouble 99 per cent. of married couples. This demand has been filled by

WISE WEDLOCK 6/9 POST FREE

It is a most necessary book for every man and woman of mature age, and should be read very carefully by those about to be married. It answers every question likely to worry man or wife. It will save much misunderstanding and promote very considerable happiness. The price includes a copy of "Health and Efficiency." Send your cheque or P.O. for 6s. 9d. to—

HEALTH PROMOTION LTD.,
(Dept. 130)
19/21, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.4

Sir HARRY LAUDER
(The Scottish Artist),
in his BARRY SPORTS SUIT.
Made either with knickers or trousers as preferred.

GEORGES CARPENTIER
(The Famous Boxer),
in his BARRY BLUE SERGE SUIT.

DOUBLE TAILORING VALUE.

The Barry Service of Tailoring not only repays you very penny expended, but £5/5 over and above such sum in the remote event of your dissatisfaction. This unqualified and unique guarantee is only possible because the BARRY SERVICE KNOWS THAT IT WILL NOT FAIL YOU.

WHEREVER YOU ARE WE CAN FIT YOU PERFECTLY—

Our simplified self-measure chart is unfailing. Our experience is so vast that even if you choose to make an error in filling our measure chart we can immediately detect it. We not only fit you perfectly, but we give you all those little personal details of collar, lapel, shoulders, hang of trousers as necessary to your perfect clothes comfort.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS. Tweeds, Serges, Worsteds, Homespuns, Flannels, etc. No ordinary tailor could furnish you with so extensive a range of fabrics to choose among. They will be sent per return post-paid.

BARRY SPECIALITIES ALL TO MEASURE

£6 : 6 : 0
PURE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT
SCOTTISH WOOLLEN
The new guarantee.
To measure for
£3 : 10 : 0
The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History.

£5 : 5 : 0
ALL-WOOL SPORTS COAT
To measure for
£1 : 10 : 0

£4 : 4 : 0
PURE NEW WOOL SUIT
To measure for
£2 : 10 : 0
Value as worth double by many of our clients.

£10 : 10 : 0
PURE WOOLLEN WORSTED SUITINGS
The choicest products of our very best English Mills
£5 : 5 : 0
To measure
Our Top Quality. Nothing finer than this suit could be woven.

£6 : 6 : 0
ALL WOOL BLUE SERGE SUIT for
£3 : 10 : 0
Guaranteed all Wool by Bradford Corporation Certificate.

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BY SEEKING OUR PATTERNS—and we shall feel privileged if you will send for these. We shall not approach you by follow-up letters after we have once sent our patterns. We never bother our clients with circulars either about special offers or anything else. WE KNOW OUR PATTERNS WILL MAKE EFFECTIVE APPEAL.

ALL ORDERS ARE DISPATCHED WITHIN 7 to 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK.

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

S. A. BARRY & CO., Call or Write.
(J.B. Dpt) 26, CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1 (Near Moorgate Tram & Tube Terminus.)

BAD LEGS.

YOUR MESSAGE OF THE TREMOL STAFF TO SUFFERERS.

For 25 years we have Cured Bad Legs only.
Doing this one thing only for 25 years has made us Experts.
That is why we succeed where others fail.
That is why our £1,000 Challenge has never been accepted.
We do this one thing far, far better than anyone else.
Our 25 Years' Experience Guarantees your Cure.
Many thousands are already cured.
Hundreds are being cured at this moment.
You may be Cured Now.
Let every Sufferer remember this: Tremo Treatment

CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT PAIN.
CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT RESTING.
CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK.
CURES BAD LEGS WITH CERTAINTY.
CURES BAD LEGS TO REMAIN CURED.

READ THESE QUESTIONS:—

(1) Is there an open wound on your leg?
(2) Is your leg painful?
(3) Is it red, inflamed, burning, or itching?
(4) Is there skin inflammation or eczema?
(5) Is the leg puffy and swollen?
(6) Do the Veins stand out or are they varicosed?
(7) Is the knee painful, stiff or swollen?

If you suffer in any way as this—TREMOL WILL CURE YOU.

YOUR OWN TREATMENT PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR YOU.

Why does Tremol Treatment give such grand results? Because it is your own Treatment. It is prescribed, prepared, and compounded specially for you. It is adapted and suited exactly to your own case. There are no stock remedies with Tremol. Every case is treated separately as if it were the one and only case. Each patient gets separate and individual attention. Hence this amazing record of cures.

DON'T FORGET THIS. BY THIS TREATMENT YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF IN YOUR OWN HOME, WITHOUT RESTING, WITHOUT PAIN, WITHOUT RELAPSE OR FAILURE.

HELP FOR EVERY SUFFERER.

Not only from Great Britain and Ireland, but from every corner of the globe comes the demand from Sufferers for information about this great Treatment. Every day letters pour into the National Infirmary for Bad Legs from Sufferers anxious to be cured. To meet this demand for help the National Infirmary for Bad Legs have decided to send to all applicants

FREE OF ALL CHARGE:

(1) A LARGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK teeming with sound and valuable information which is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery and showing how the Treatment can be used in your own home.
(2) A BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED ALBUM of coloured plates of actual cases cured, and showing how the Treatment cures.
(3) A LEGAL GUARANTEE TO CURE.
(4) AN AUTHENTIC LIST OF CASES CURED IN YOUR OWN TOWN or neighbourhood, so that every Sufferer may see and talk with the people in his own district whom the Treatment has cured.

This great Free Offer is not a chance to be missed, so if you desire to have your leg made well, sit down now, ... the Coupon below, and send to the

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS,
WARD B.L.,
322, GREAT CLOWER STREET,
BROUGHTON,
MANCHESTER.

You will then receive by return of post and free of charge THE VALUABLE BOOK, THE ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, THE LEGAL GUARANTEE, THE LIST OF CASES CURED IN YOUR OWN DISTRICT, and advice on your case if desired.

Send this Coupon To-Day or Write To-Day.

FREE COUPON. WARD B.L.

Please send me your Valuable Book, Illustrated Album, Legal Guarantee, and all particulars as per your special offer.

Signed .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

.....

.....

.....

"John Bull's Letter Bag"

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*
Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "Washed Out." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often.

Legal inquiries should be addressed to the Legal Editor, and those of general interest will be dealt with in the columns of the paper. Correspondents desiring an answer by post should enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

M. (Manchester).—"Can you suggest a good name for a boy?" Bill.

BEN (Hove).—"Who invented bathing machines?" The Devil.

ONE FOR ALL (Jarrow).—"You will be surprised to learn that I have now a little daughter." We are staggered.

NONENTITY (Hereford).—"Your cynicism leaves me cold." Put a few more undies on.

ETTA (York).—"Is there room in Canada for a dressmaker?" They might get you in with a bit of squeezing.

LITTLE ANNIE (Liverpool).—"My fiancee is very bad tempered: what ought I do?" Get another fiancee.

HOPING (Isleworth).—"I am writing a play, it is about love." Sounds novel to us.

JADE (Bristol).—"Diamonds are flashing on the bosom of the profiteer's wife." Yes, she is a bit of a flasher.

TWO STEP (Bath).—"I should like you to define the word 'Statesman'"—A politician in a fat job.

TO BE (Oldham).—"I have strict views about women." We thought they were looking worried lately.

UNISON (Wandsworth).—"Why do people make fun of Tooting?" Because they can't afford to live there.

A. M. (Glasgow).—"England alone does not constitute Britain." We agree, and have made a note to that effect.

EX-SOLDIER LOYALIST.—Many thanks for your £1, which we have had pleasure in forwarding to the right quarter.

ALICE (Marlowe).—"Why is it JOHN BULL is sold out on Wednesdays?" Because it is a jolly good paper, Alice.

DOLEFUL (W. Hartlepool).—"I've made a fool of myself over a girl." Cheer up! You're in good company.

EDIE B. (Bexley).—"I've got a George III. crown piece." Put it in the money box, Edie.

WELL DONE (Barnet).—"The name of JOHN BULL may ring down the ages." Why "may"?

SCOT (Paisley).—"The lines on Mars are not lines at all." Rather like some of our alleged railway lines.

JEREMIAH (Walthamstow).—"There isn't much profit in coal now-a-days." But you had a pretty good run, Jerry. You can't bleed us all the time.

TREASURY BONDS (Devizes).—"Is there such a thing as a farmer who doesn't complain?" Yes. The churchyards are full of 'em.

OPPY (Letchworth).—"What is the cause of our unemployment?" We repeat—Strikes. Particularly the coal strike.

TENDER (Chatham).—"Why fuss about the Honours List? They are rewarded for their loyalty." We spell it *l*oyalty.

DESPERATE (Ealing).—"Can you lend me a thousand pounds?" Your nearest asylum is Hanwell. Buses pass the door.

CURIO (Gloucester).—"Happiness can be purchased at too great a price." And sententiousness can occupy too much note paper.

ALFRED THE SMALL (Alfriston).—"What is the most universal name?" Smith and Mary. Mary occurs in every language.

KEEPER (Salisbury).—"I used to wonder why Britain was so isolated." And now somebody has told you that it is surrounded by water, we suppose.

ROD AND LINE (Hereford).—"Joy, oh joy, the Prince is back, safe from very vile attack." Pom-tiddly-om-pom. Your poem dies the death.

WILFRED (Mansfield).—"Please tell me a system to beat the bookmaker." Short of highway robbery, we know of none.

MANDARIN (Preston).—"I abominate titles of all kind." Then why does the letter you enclose for reply describe you as "Esquire"?

MAY ANN (Worcester).—"Do you want any scandal about Worcester?" We would rather have a bottle of your famous sauce.

BERTHA (King's Lynn).—"Everybody is talking about the way Mrs.—— is going on." A little charity in your composition wouldn't do you any harm.

TECLA (Brighton).—"My own brother abused me because I believe in Mormonism." Thank God, there is one member of your family with brains!

LEMON (Oundle).—"Do you advise me to come to London?" We can only say that if you come we'll see that you're admitted.

ENGINE DRIVER (Ashford).—"Some queer things happen on the South Eastern." We know. One of your trains ran up to time the other day.

TUBBY (Glasgow).—"Am I entitled to keep what I find in the street?" You are entitled to three months for "stealing by finding."

ALL CLEAR (Bognor).—"When the boys came back they had too much money." They've got well over that handicap.

CITIZEN (Oxford).—"When I went into this business I set my teeth and succeeded." We admire your pluck, but what is your business—dentist?

HOME OFFICE (Redcar).—"The Home Secretary seems to have plenty of excuses." But no excuse for holding on to his job in face of public disapproval.

EVER READY (Wilton).—"Why does the Union Jack flutter above the House of Commons?" Probably there was a bit of a breeze.

FISHERMAN (Skegness).—"We make very little out of v'sitors." Unless the visitors happen to be herrings, of course.

TORY (Stratford-on-Avon).—"Few people know that Shakespeare was born here." You ought to advertise the fact. It was news to us.

WENDY (Uxbridge).—"How long does it take to get an answer from America?" Europe has been waiting four years for hers—as a rule sixteen days by post.

UNDER DOG (Birmingham).—"I am supposed to be rather good at repartee." After reading your nasty letter, we do not share your illusion.

COMPETITOR (Shrewsbury).—"Are "Bullet" prizes awarded to deserving cases?" Invariably. The people who get the prizes deserve them.

MUSICAL (Acton).—"Half of the people who say they can sing have no voices at all." Unfortunately they have. That is the trouble.

ANXIOUS (Cardiff).—"My wife refuses to allow my mother to come and stay with us." Perhaps she's a good judge.

LETTER BAG (Brockley).—"I am determined to go to law to prove my respectability." Keep away from the law and prove your sanity.

FANNY (Ipswich).—"I've heard nothing from the Calcutta Sweepstake, so I suppose I've won nothing." Very likely you're right.

BLIND ALLEY (Folkestone).—"What is a useful present to give to a bride?" Something that the bridegroom cannot wear.

GRACE (Exeter).—"Oh, to be on the moor, far away from the war, etc." Grace, don't do it! Poetry has a horrible effect on us.

POLICEMAN (County Galway).—"Is there any method by which I can learn hypnotism?" We quite understand why you want to learn, but we can't tell you how.

YELLOW DWARF (London, S.E.).—"Can you put me in touch with an easy way of earning money?" You haven't a dog's chance, if we find it first.

SENSIBLE (London, W.).—"It is idolatorous to take off your hat to the Cenotaph—a piece of stone." The men it stands for are dust. And we take off our hats to them.

MOSES (St. Austells).—"Is the Archbishop of Canterbury greater than a Duke?" We haven't measured him lately. He takes precedence, if that's what you mean.

DODGER (Bromley).—"I have kept a diary for twelve years, writing all my inmost thoughts. What offers?" Try the rag and bone shop—they buy soiled paper.

F. O. (Birkenhead).—"Do you think it is right for a married man to write to other girls who are not his wife?" It would be much worse if they *were* his wives.

JUNIOR (London, S.W.).—"I think a great deal too much fuss is made about the Prince." Glad to hear that you can still think. We shouldn't have guessed it.

NO SCOPE (Caterham).—"My wife's mother refuses to allow me to come home when I like." As you seem to be living on the old lady, we don't see what you've got to grouse about.

JEW'S HARP (Houndsditch).—"You may not have heard the story of the Jew and the sailor." We have heard it. It was one of the stories that Noah told the monkeys to keep them quiet.

WALKER A. (Southampton).—"I can prove to you that wages are still too low." And we can prove to you that there are thousands who would be glad to get any wages at all.

FREDDIE (St. Neots).—"I should like you to tell the truth about Germany?" We tell the truth about everything, Freddie. For example, your writing is the worst we have ever read.

TRUE BLUE (Devonport).—"How splendid it will be when there are no more navies or armies." You'll have a pretty thin time in Devonport, won't you?

PASHA (Penzance).—"I have been married five times, and had eighteen children." We congratulate your wives—especially the two who have run away from you.

MIDDLE-AGE (no address).—"How can I get in touch with a girl in a red hat I saw in Oxford Street in a taxi?" You've won the prize for the fool question of the week.

ALEXANDER BLACK SUTTIE, Engineer fitter—or anyone who knows him—is asked to communicate with his parents, at 2240, Balaclava Street, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

(More replies on pages 26 and 27.)

THERE WAS A GIRL IN TRAGIC TROUBLE

SHE wrote to "Humanist," and he was able to give her advice that saved her from the consequence of utter despair. "Humanist" is the secret man of JOHN BULL. Nobody sees the letters you write—but "Humanist." Lay the burden of your trouble on him and he will help you.

Don't write to him for money, for jobs, about pension worries, Send those to the Editor. "Humanist" deals with human problems: human sorrows: human ambitions. Mark these letters "Humanist."

THE
CITY LIFE
Assurance Co., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE:
CITY LIFE HOUSE,
Old Jewry, London, E.C.2
Telephone: CITY 9543.

Assets Exceed - £1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds £450,000
Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000
Advances Made Exceed £2,250,000

Managing Director.
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

RECORD BARGAIN OFFER.

ONLY 20/-
Post Free
Actual Size.

To "John Bull" Readers—SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED.
This (7 Medal) SOLID GOLD FILLED FULL HUNTER WATCH for £1, Post Free.
AN OFFER THAT CANNOT BE REPEATED.

Read Specification.

Handsome extra heavy Gold Filled Case, Guaranteed to stand 25 years' hard wear. Keyless Lever Movement, action Timed to a minute a month. Doubly protected by Dust and Damp Proof Cases. These Watches cannot possibly be over-wound.

Do not miss this Great BARGAIN. You can send your Order under the "JOHN BULL" Guarantee satisfaction or money returned. Therefore, if you wish to secure a Watch honestly worth £5 you must send your order to-day.

Post to-day 20/-, and let us send you one of these wonderful Watches.

To J.B. Dept.:—
The PARAMOUNT WATCH CO.,
37, Berners St., Oxford St., LONDON, W.

Send Postcard for Free Fine Art Catalogue

12/6 Monthly

is all you pay for our No. 300A Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled; lined in colours. Sent packed free carriage paid on

15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 30% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and illus. art catalogue.

MODEL 300

£5 15s CASH

Metal Cycle Company (Inc.), (Dep. B637), Birmingham.

SMART BROS.
SHEFFIELD.

Do away with the DRUDGERY OF KNIFE-CLEANING for ever.

GENUINE "FIRTH'S STAINLESS STEEL" KNIVES (Ivorine Handles).

Dessert 14/- per half dozen. } Post
Table 15/- " " " } free.

"STAINLESS" KNIVES never need CLEANING (even when used with lemons, vinegar etc.) they do not tarnish.

WE GUARANTEE every knife perfect in finish, balance and workmanship. Money refunded if not entirely satisfied, if returned within 3 days.

Write for Illustrated List.

SMART BROS., Goldsmiths Chambers, Chapel Walk, SHEFFIELD.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women and Children that Cures Rupture.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (17636), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated book and full information about your appliance for the cure of Rupture.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Please write plainly.

Skin Rash and Severe Scalds

Children's Skin Troubles soon Cured by Germolene, the Aseptic Remedy:

Mrs. E. Turner, 76, Barry-street, Walton-road, Liverpool, says:—"About six months ago our two children, Dorine and Evelyn, both contracted a distressing skin ailment. This appeared as blisters on their faces; they were placed under treatment, but seemed to get worse every day, so I decided to give Germolene a trial.

"After the first box their faces seemed wonderfully improved, the blisters were drying up and disappearing; and soon there was not a blemish on the skin.

"Seven weeks ago Germolene came to our rescue again; Dorine knocked over a pan of boiling water, and her left cheek, ear and neck were badly scalded. The wound was dressed at once, but as it failed to heal I decided to use Germolene. In less than a fortnight she was completely cured."

Mrs. Turner's Children.

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema, Piles, Skin Eruptions, Pimples
Psoriasis, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Chapped Hands
Rashes, Ulcers, Ringworm, Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!
Awarded Gold Medals and Diplomas at 4 Leading International Exhibitions.

Price 3/- per tin, 1/3 the smaller size. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Germolene is manufactured in the same splendidly equipped laboratory as Dr. Cassell's Tablets, under the control of skilled chemists from the purest ingredients by
The Vono Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

Why Pay Fire Insurance

when "John Bull" will insure you free in the greatest free home accident insurance in the world? "JOHN BULL" pays up to £300 for damage by fire and up to £6 per week for six weeks for home accidents. Nine readers received fire benefits this week and included in the other claims was a death claim for £250. Protect yourself. Sign the coupons below now.

What JOHN BULL Pays

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£300—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300 in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or £125—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or £250 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 6 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum rent during re-instatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home, Garden, Hotel, or Boarding House.

£250—loss of life. Man and wife, £500.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to six weeks for disablement by fracture.
Man and wife £6 per week.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.
Man and Wife £2 per week.

You can post your Coupon for ½d. now. Sign to-day!

CUT HERE

J.B., 1.7.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS).

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. Date..... A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B., 1.7.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Address in CAPITALS.

Date.....

£250 Death Claim Paid This Week!

ADVERTISING and EYEWASH

by ROY HARDY

IT has lately been impressed upon me that, to a large extent, the general public still think that this guaranteeing of advertising by the Publishers is what is known as "eyewash." It cannot be too strongly emphasised that this is *not* so. I am sure the public would be really surprised if they knew the care that is taken by reputable papers like "JOHN BULL" in order to safeguard their readers from the quack and opportunist.

As an Advertising Agent I am frequently submitting to Advertisement Managers samples of new goods that are to be advertised, and signing forms on behalf of my clients, guaranteeing the quality and value-for-money of the goods and giving the undertaking that the advertiser will definitely return any reader's money if he is dissatisfied after having purchased. This sort of thing is now part of every Advertising Agency's regular work.

The public do not know how honest and truthful advertising carried by a well conducted paper really is nowadays. If they did they would respond with more confidence. "JOHN BULL" is so strict in these matters that a doubtful proposition surely could not get through the meshes of its advertising filter. The public should know this.

THE SHOP WINDOW

Free Food.

THOSE who have not yet tried Shredded Wheat are invited to send for a free trial packet and a copy of their recipe book.

Arena and Stage.

Sir Harry Lauder and Georges Carpentier are shown in the advertisement of S. A. Barry & Co., wearing clothing obtained from this well-known firm. Free patterns of their cloths, together with a self-measurement form will be sent on application.

Work-saving Steel.

Stainless Steel Dessert knives are offered for 14s. per half dozen and table knives, 15s., per half dozen by Smart Bros., of Sheffield, who will send their illustrated list free.

A Little Extra.

"Black Cat" cigarettes are made on the Baron Cigarette machine which invention slightly reduces the making cost. Though not enough to permit of price reduction it enables the firm to offer a number of gifts in exchange for the coupons enclosed in each packet. Those writing for their illustrated book of gifts will also receive the first five coupons free.

Sheffield Safety Blades.

John Watts of Sheffield have been making steel for 150 years and their safety blades for Gillette type holders at 3s. 6d. per dozen are excellent value.

Raincoats:

Sartor raincoats are excellent value for 20s. A postcard will bring their free pattern and style book, with self-measurement form.

The small ads on page 3 are "worth watching" and these and all other trade announcements in JOHN BULL are covered by the Advertisement Guarantee.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 24.)

CURIOUS (Ventnor).—"Is it possible to find out the exact amount subscribed to charities in the course of the year?" No. Very few charities publish full balance sheets.

BOWLER (Wimbledon).—"Has a man's wife the right to furniture?" Depends entirely upon whose furniture it is. If she tried to pinch our settee we'd be very annoyed.

M. W. H. (Manchester).—"William Shakespeare would have been horrified at the present day plays." Took a lot to shock Bill. And he often shocks us. Ever read the sonnets?

STUDENT (Glasgow).—"More Soviet money comes to Glasgow than to any other city in the Empire." We know it. The gentlemen bank it in their wives' names.

POLECAT (Taunton).—"Having expressed my views on the Royal Family, what do you think of them?" We think you chose a very appropriate nom-de-plume.

YELLOW OCHRE (Bournemouth).—"My wife has pursued a cruel vendetta against me." So far as we can understand, she is trying to get you to keep her and her children. Pay; don't whine.

H. R. F. (Birmingham) and OTHERS.—Glad you find the biscuit-coloured cover so much better for writing your "Bullets" upon. Yes, we shall continue printing the coupons upon this superior paper.

W. D. R. K. (Tyneside).—"When the great day comes, the working classes will be free from the tyranny of capitalism." Yes. As free as the Russian peasant. Why don't you go to Moscow?

(Continued on next page.)

A bargain indeed!

East Sandling Camp, Hythe, 11/6/22.

"I really think my 'JOHN BULL' Pen the best pen I ever had; it is a real bargain at the price; I have had none to compare with this one.—H.F.D.

JOHN BULL

Pen Coupon, Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon, with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1/3 EXTRA.

Address: Pen Dept., 'John Bull,' Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

P.O.s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & CO.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib. J.B. 1.7.22.

Worth 10/6

OVER TWO MILLION IN USE. SEND TO-DAY.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 24.)

VISITOR (Lambeth, S.).—"You have [illegible] and you have the privilege of calling British men and women who suffered and made sacrifices that you were admittedly living [illegible]!" You say [illegible]

E. M. (Penzance).—"I am more than pleased with the way of doing business [illegible] with my Insurance [illegible]." Glad to know it, and there is [illegible] the prompt payment of the claimants [illegible] John Bull Insurance who are also [illegible] your way of thinking.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 459.

FIRST PRIZE OF £5,000:
MISS E. CHESTER,
10, [illegible] Street, Sheffield.
Example:—Amateur Gardener.
Bullet:—Greatest Garden "On Earth."

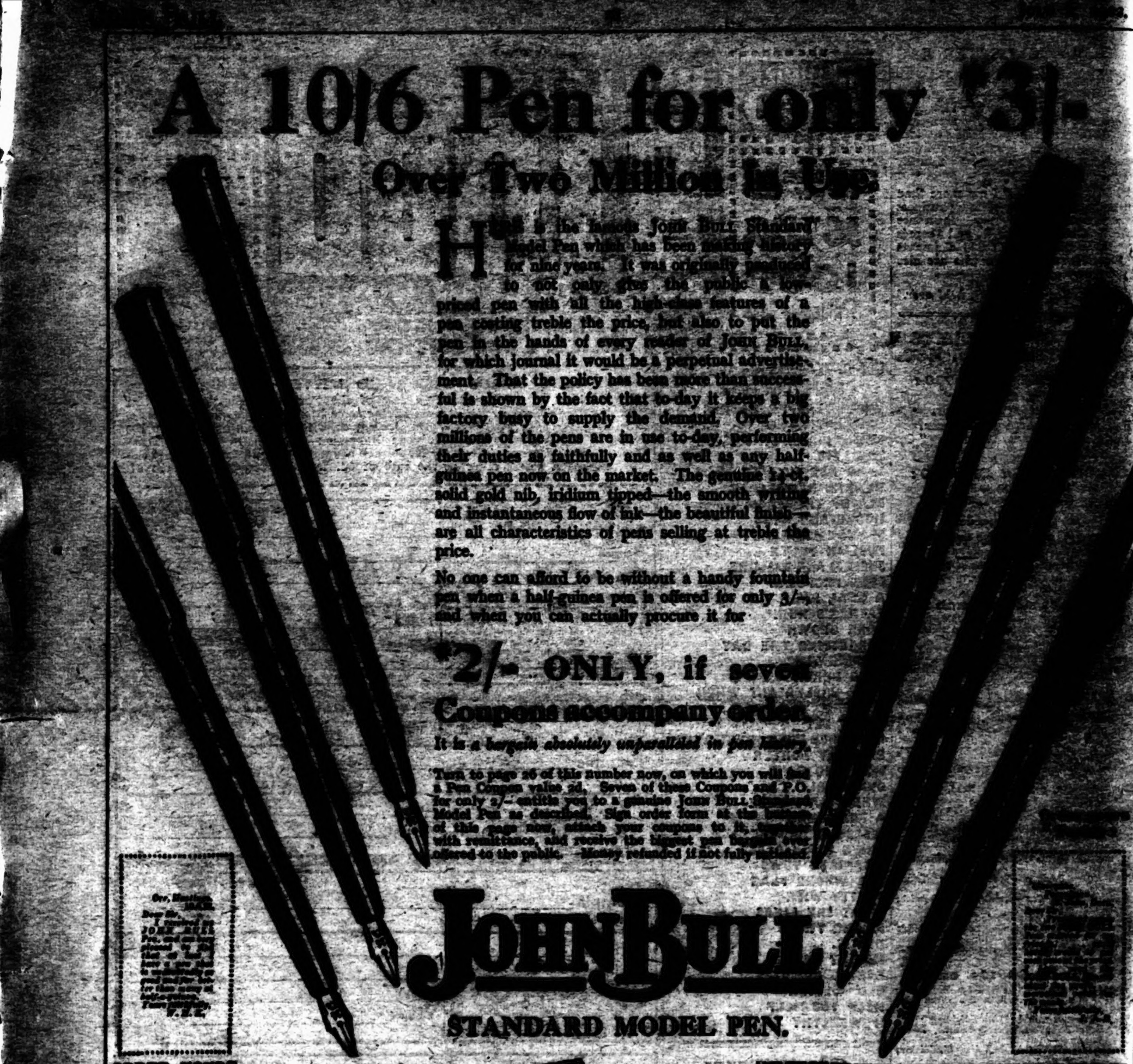
SECOND PRIZE OF £250:
MR. [illegible] (Penzance).
Example:—Express Views.
Bullet:—Shaw's Book On Shakespeare.

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:
[illegible]
Example:—Happy Ann Sunday.
Bullet:—Uncle Ann Cleaves.

10 Prizes of £25 each:
[illegible]
(Next to one line "Target" under coupon.)
[illegible]
Example:—Barely Missed Penzance.
Bullet:—Penzance.
[illegible]
Example:—Sorry Dunmow Wins Sunday.
Bullet:—Sorry.
[illegible]
Example:—Down Dunmow Wins Sunday.
Bullet:—Down

A 10/6 Pen for only 3/-

Over Two Million in Use



HERE is the famous JOHN BULL Standard Model Pen which has been making history for nine years. It was originally produced to not only give the public a low-priced pen with all the high-class features of a pen costing treble the price, but also to put the pen in the hands of every reader of JOHN BULL, for which journal it would be a perpetual advertisement. That the policy has been more than successful is shown by the fact that to-day it keeps a big factory busy to supply the demand. Over two millions of the pens are in use to-day, performing their duties as faithfully and as well as any half-guinea pen now on the market. The genuine 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped—the smooth writing and instantaneous flow of ink—the beautiful finish—are all characteristics of pens selling at treble the price.

No one can afford to be without a handy fountain pen when a half-guinea pen is offered for only 3/-, and when you can actually procure it for

2/- ONLY, if seven Coupons accompany order.

It is a bargain absolutely unparalleled in pen History.

Turn to page 26 of this number now, on which you will find a Pen Coupon value 2d. Seven of these Coupons and P.O. for only 2/- entitle you to a genuine JOHN BULL Standard Model Pen as described. Sign order form at the bottom of this page now, attach your coupons to it, forward with remittance, and receive the biggest pen bargain ever offered to the public. Money refunded if not fully satisfied.

JOHN BULL

STANDARD MODEL PEN.

Orr, Hastings, 10/6.

Dear Sir,

I received my JOHN BULL Pen, and am very pleased to say that of late I have never had it out of order. It is unfailingly good and fair value for the money at any price.

Yours gratefully,
F. E. E.

ORDER YOURS TO-DAY!

Your pen comes to you handsomely boxed, complete with filler.

For Coupon turn to page 26.

ORDER FORM.

JOHN BULL Pen Department,
Long Acre, W.C. 2.

Please send me by return 1 John Bull Standard Model Pen, for which I enclose:

1 Coupon and P.O. for 3/- (inc. postage)

OR

7 Coupons and P.O. for 2/- (inc. postage).
(Strike out offer not applicable.)

NAME (in capitals).....

ADDRESS.....

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2, England. Registered for transmission by the Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription Rates: Inland, 13s. 6d. per annum; Canada, 12s. per annum; other countries abroad, 13s. per annum. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For Australia, Subscription Rates, 13s. 6d. per annum. Sole Agents for South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd. For Canada, Subscription Rates, 12s. per annum. Sole Agents for Canada, The Imperial News Co., Ltd., 345 Dorchester St., West, Montreal, and 54, Bay Street, Toronto. Sole Agents for India, Burma and Ceylon, Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta and Simla.